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THE
PUBL
ASTOR, L
TILDEN FOUND

Then prostrate at your feet fall,
O let me still for mercy call!

See page 276, Vol. V.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON,

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF HIS NUMBERS OF THE SPECTATOR.

COLLECTED

BY MR. TICKELL.

WITH A

COMPLETE INDEX.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

NEW-YORK:
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REMARKS ON ITALY.

THE REPUBLIC OF LUCCA.

It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air of cheerfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written, in letters of gold, *Libertas*.

This republic is shut up in the great duke's dominions, who, at present, is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna. The occasion is as follows:

The Lucquese plead prescription for hunting in one of the duke's forests, that lies upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three sportsmen of the republic, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their countrymen, to the number of threescore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and rescued them. The great duke redemands his prisoners, and, as a farther satisfaction, would have the governor of the town, where the threescore assailants had combined together, deli-

vered into his hands; but receiving only excuses, he resolved to do himself justice. Accordingly he ordered all the Lucquese to be seized that were found on a market-day, in one of his frontier towns. These amounted to fourscore, among whom were persons of some consequence in the republic. They are now in prison at Florence, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The king of Spain, who is protector of the commonwealth, received information from the great duke of what had passed, who approved of his proceedings, with orders to the Lucquese, by the governor of Milan, to give a proper satisfaction. The republic, thinking themselves ill used by their protector, as they say at Florence, have sent to Prince Eugene to desire the emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand Germans. The great duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn embassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruin of the commonwealth, if the French succeed in Italy. It is pleasant, however, to hear the discourse of the common people of Lucca, who are firmly persuaded that one Lucquese can beat five Florentines, who are grown low-spirited, as they pretend, by the great duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say, they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horse. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because

they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute prince in Europe are as proud of their monarch as the Lucquese of being subject to none. Should the French affairs prosper in Italy, it is possible the great duke may bargain for the republic of Lucca, by the help of his great treasures, as his predecessors did formerly with the emperor for that of Sienna. The great dukes have never yet attempted any thing on Lucca, as not only fearing the arms of their protector, but because they are well assured, that, should the Lucquese be reduced to the last extremity, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the Genoese, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a state for which they have so great an aversion. And the Florentines are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak state within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power, as that of the French king, support them in their attempts, there is no government in Italy that would dare to interpose. This republic, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled state of Italy. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick despatch of all public affairs; but in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the commonwealth, to its maturity and perfection.

FLORENCE.

I had the good luck to be at Florence when there was an opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in Italy. I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Destinies: and that if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real sentiments, for, that in all these particulars, he believes as the holy mother church believes and commands.

PROTESTA.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Destino, e simili, che per entro questo drama trovarai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per sentimento vero, credendo sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.

There are some beautiful palaces in Florence; and, as Tuscan pillars and rustic work owe their original to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raised in Tuscany. The duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of Luxemburg, at Paris, which was built by Mary of Medicis, and, for that reason, perhaps, the workmen fell into the Tuscan humour. I found, in the court of this palace, what I could not meet with any where in Rome; I mean, an antique statue of Hercules lifting up Antæus from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in Rome, and brought hither under the reign of Leo the Tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But it is the famous gallery of the old palace, where are, perhaps, the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itself is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. Lassel, but, if it must needs be like a letter, it resembles the Greek Π most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the busts of the emperors and empresses, there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of them almost singular in their kind. Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, Ælius Verus, Pertinax, Geta, Didius Julianus, Albinus extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen, in alabaster, Gordianus Africanus the elder, Eliogabalus, Galien the elder, and the younger Pupienus. I have put Agrippa among the emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of medals, as some that follow among the empresses have no other right to the company they are joined with. Domitia, Agrippina wife of Germanicus, Antonia, Matidia, Plotina, Mallia Scantilla, falsely inscribed under her bust Julia Severi, Aquilia Severa, Julia Mæsa. I have generally observed at Rome, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in medals are also rare in marble, and, indeed, one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the emperors' reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was generally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that nobody worked on the figure of a deceased emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This observation, how-

ever, does not always hold. An Agrippa, or Caligula, for example, is a common coin, but a very extraordinary bust; and a Tiberius a rare coin, but a common bust, which one would wonder the more at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this emperor's statues after his death. The *Tiberius in Tiberim* is a known instance.

Among the busts of such emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the sculpture, as those of Augustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Geta. There is, in the same gallery, a very beautiful bust of Alexander the Great, casting up his face to heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique busts of Alexander in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the sculptor had in his thoughts the conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also in porphyry the head of a Faun, and of the god Pan. Among the entire figures, I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the antiquaries, whether the Vestals, after having received the tonsure, ever suffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the consul, with the ring on his finger, reminded me of Juvenal's *majoris pondera gemmæ*. There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of Apollo, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of, *Ut potui huc veni musis et fratre relicto.* I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the wild

boar, the gladiator, the Narcissus, the Cupid and Psyche, the Flora, with some modern statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures, there is a fine one of Morpheus in touchstone. I have always observed, that this god is represented by the ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy asleep, with a bundle of poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a Cupid, till I had taken notice that it had neither bow nor quiver. I suppose Dr. Lister has been guilty of the same mistake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping Cupid with poppy in his hands.

——————Qualia namque
Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum
Talis erat, sed ne faciat discrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme Pharetras.
Ov. Met. lib. 10.

Such are the Cupids that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loaden quiver to his shoulder tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their quivers by.

It is probable they chose to represent the god of sleep under the figure of a boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties. Statius, in his celebrated invocation of Sleep, addresses himself to him under the same figure.

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime Divûm,
Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque feræque, &c.
Silv. lib. 5.

Tell me, thou best of gods, thou gentle youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hush'd at ease thy drowsy subjects lie,
In the dead silence of the night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of sleep, that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, which is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient authors, that the Nile is generally represented in stone of this colour, because it flows from the country of the Ethiopeans; which shows us that the statuaries had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are still at Rome some of these black statues of the Nile, which are cut in a kind of touchstone.

Usqui coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis.
VIRG. Geor. 4.

At one end of the gallery stands two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old Roman arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a cabinet of antiquities, made up chiefly of idols, talismans, lamps, and hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in brass.

I. A little image of Juno Sispita, or Sospita, which perhaps is not to be met with any where else but on medals. She is clothed in a goat's skin, the horns sticking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see it held something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember Tully's description of this goddess in the following words: *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, nisi cum pelle Caprinâ, cum hastâ, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

II. An antique model of the famous Laocöon and his two sons, that stands in the Belvidera at Rome. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue was maimed. It was by the help of this model that Bandinelli finished his admirable copy of the Laocöon, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An Apollo, or Amphion. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt however whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanness of the workmanship.

IV. A Corona Radialis, with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say, in allusion to the signs of the zodiac, and others to the labours of Hercules.

> ——————*Ingenti mole Latinus*
> *Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circùm*
> *Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,*
> *Solis avi specimen*——————
>
> VIRG. Æn. lib. 12.

> Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
> Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
> To mark his lineage from the God of day.
>
> DRYDEN.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial curiosities in ivory, amber, crystal, marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shown last stands the celebrated Venus of Medicis. The statue seems much less than life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make: it is, notwithstanding, as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for, from the

bigness of any one part, it is easy to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air, and posture, and correctness of design, in this statue, are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of Venus put me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the Greek epigrams.

Γυμνεν οἶδε Παρις μὲ καὶ Αγχίση; καὶ Ἄδωνις
Τὰς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνους. Πραξιτέλης δὲ πόθε.

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All these I frankly own without denying:
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

There is another Venus in the same circle, that would make a good figure any where else. There are among the old Roman statues several of Venus in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this goddess, which Pliny mentions. In the same chamber is the Roman slave whetting his knife and listening, which, from the shoulders upwards, is incomparable. The two wrestlers are in the same room. I observed here likewise a very curious bust of Annius Verus, the young son of Marcus Aurelius, who died at nine years of age. I have seen several other busts of him at Rome, though his medals are exceeding rare.

The great duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old inscriptions, urns, monuments, and the like sets of antiquities. I was shown several of them, which are not yet put up. There are two fa-

mous inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of Appius, who made the highway, and of Fabius the dictator; they contain a short account of the honours they passed through, and the actions they performed. I saw too the busts of Tranquillina, mother to Gordianus Pius, and of Quintus Herennius, son to Trajan Decius, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated hermaphrodite in the Villa Borghese. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the Argenteria, the tabernacle of St. Laurence's chapel, and the chamber of painters. The chapel of St. Laurence will be perhaps the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth, when completed; but it advances so very slowly, that it is not impossible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial place is finished.

The great duke has lived many years separate from the duchess, who is at present in the court of France, and intends there to end her days. The cardinal, his brother, is old and infirm, and could never be induced to resign his purple for the uncertain prospect of giving an heir to the dukedom of Tuscany. The great prince has been married several years without any children, and notwithstanding all the precautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the prince, his younger brother (as finding out a lady for him who was in the vigour and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulness by her former husband) they have all hitherto proved unsuccessful. There is a branch of the family of Medicis in Naples: the head of it has been owned as kinsman by the great duke, and it is thought will succeed to his dominions, in case the princes, his sons, die childless; though it is not impossible but in such a conjuncture,

the commonwealths, that are thrown under the great duchy, may make some efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuscripts belonging to St. Laurence, of which there is a printed catalogue. I looked into the Virgil which disputes its antiquity with that of the Vatican. It wants the "*Ille ego qui quondam*, &c." and the twenty-two lines in the second Æneid, beginning at *Jamque adeo super unus eram.*——I must confess I always thought this passage left out with a great deal of judgment by Tucca and Varius, and it seems to contradict a part in the sixth Æneid, and represents the hero in a passion, that is, at least not at all becoming the greatness of his character. Besides, I think the apparition of Venus comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the sight of Priam's murder; for, without such a machine to take him off, I cannot see how the hero could, with honour, leave Neoptolemus triumphant, and Priam unrevenged. But since Virgil's friends thought fit to let drop this incident of Helen, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in Venus's speech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies invisa Lacænæ,
Culpatusve Paris——————
Æn. 2.

Florence, for modern statues, I think, excels even Rome, but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not transcribe out of others.

The way from Florence to Bolonia runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the Apennines; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of Silius Italicus's description of Hannibal's march.

Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
Sese aperit, fessis et nascitur altera moles.
Lib. 3.

From steep to steep the troops advanc'd with pain,
In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain:
But still by new ascents the mountain grew,
And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the descriptions which the Latin poets have given us of the Apennines. We may observe in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of Italy to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

———*Nubifer Apenninus.*
Ov. Met. lib. 2.

———*Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum.*
Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
Italiæ, geminumque latus stringentia longè
Utraque perpetuo discriminat æquora tractu.
Claud. de Sexto Cons. Hon.

———*Mole nivali*
Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Apenninus.
Sil. It. lib. 2.

Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo
Piniferum cœlo miscens caput Apenninus:
Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice celse
Canus apex strictâ surgebat ad astra pruinâ.
Lib. 4

Umbrosis mediam quà collibas Apenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quà vertice tellus
Altius intumuit, propiùsque accessit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
Inferni superique maris: collesque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes
Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti.
Luc. Lib. 2.

In pomp the shady Apennines arise,
And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
No land like Italy erects the sight
By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height;
Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide;
And see the billows rise on either side;
At Pisa here the range of mountains ends,
And here to high Ancona's shores extends:
In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie,
That with continu'd streams the double sea supply.

BOLONIA, MODENA, PARMA, TURIN, &c.

After a very tedious journey over the Apennines, we at last came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly called the little Rhine. Following the course of this river we arrived in a short time at Bolonia.

——— *Parvique Bononia Rheni.*

SIL. ITAL. 8.

Bolonia water'd by the petty Rhine.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air as in the badness of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lies about it, and the magnificence of its convents. It is likewise esteemed the third in Italy for pictures, as having been the school of the Lombard painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other shows of the place. The first was an authentic silver medal of the younger Brutus, in the hands of an eminent antiquary. One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each

side of it, subscribed Id. Mar. for the Ides of March, the famous date of Cæsar's murder. The second was a picture of Raphael's in St. Giouanni in Monte. It is extremely well preserved, and represents St. Cecilia with an instrument of music in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of St. Paul and St. John; and, on the other, of Mary Magdalene and St. Austin. There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new staircase that strangers are generally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contrived. The wars of Italy, and the season of the year, made me pass through the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Savoy, with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of Modena and Parma is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a licence of the duke of Parma to enter the theatre and gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in Italy. The theatre is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering place; and yet, if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the least confusion. The gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room,

furnished with old inscriptions, idols, busts, medals, and the like antiquities. I could have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the medals, which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The scarcest of all is a *Pescennius Niger* on a medallion well preserved. It was coined at Antioch, where this emperor trifled away his time till he lost his life and empire. The reverse is a *Dea Salus*. There are two of Otho, the reverse a Serapis; and two of Messalina and Poppæa in middle brass, the reverses of the Emperor Claudius. I saw two medallions of Plotina and Matidia, the reverse to each a *Pietas;* with two medals of Pertinax, the reverse of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Costodibus;* and another of Gordianus Africanus, the reverse I have forgot.

The principalities of Modena and Parma are much about the same extent, and have each of them two large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The duke of Parma, however, is much richer than the duke of Modena. Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well-cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes of Europe who equal them; when, at the same time, they have not had the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry upon the least rising of the waters. A man

might well expect in these small governments a much greater regulation of affairs, for the ease and benefit of the people, than in large overgrown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy may be easily put out of their course, in passing through the hands of deputies, and a long subordination of officers. And it would certainly be for the good of mankind to have all the mighty empires and monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty states and principalities, that like so many large families, might lie under the eye and observation of their proper governors; so that the care of the prince might extend itself to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state, aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty sovereigns, that will be still endeavouring, at his subjects' cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater princes, as well as to outvie those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world who live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little commonwealths; as, on the contrary, there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little principalities. I left the road of Milan on my right hand, having before seen that city; and, after having passed through Asti, the frontier town of Savoy, I at last came within sight of the Po, which is a fine river even at Turin, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. Ovid has chosen it out to throw his Phaëton into it, after all

the smaller rivers had been dried up in the
gration.

I have read some botanical critics, who tell
poets have not rightly followed the traditions c
quity, in metamorphosing the sisters of Phaëi
poplars, who ought to have been turned into
trees; for that it is this kind of tree which s
gum, and is commonly found on the banks
Po. The change of Cycnus into a swan, which
up the disasters of Phaëton's family, was wro
the same place where the sisters were turn
trees. The descriptions that Virgil and Ovi
made of it cannot be sufficiently admired.

Claudian has set off his description of the Er
with all the poetical stories that have been n
it.

——Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinen
Velat honos, rami capat umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fultaque sub gremio cælatis nobilis astris
Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia lucti
Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
Mutatumque senem plumis, et fronde serores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
Germanæ servant Hyades, Cycnique sodalis
Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus errans,
Clara noti convexa rigat.——————

CLAUDIAN, De Sexto Cons. Hc

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
And as he rose his golden horns appear'd,
That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light:

No interwoven reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
But poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
And tears of amber trickled down his head:
A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
That set th' unhappy Phaëton to view:
The flaming chariot and the steeds it show'd,
And the whole fable in the mantle glow'd:
Beneath his arm an urn supported lies
With stars embellish'd, and fictitious skies.
For Titan, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
Among the H eav'ns th' immortal fact display'd,
Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
And in the constellations wrote his tale.
A swan in memory of Cycnus shines;
The mourning sisters weep in watry signs;
The burning chariot, and the charioteer,
In bright Boötes and his wane appear:
Whilst in a track of light the waters run,
That wash'd the body of his blasted son.

The river Po gives a name to the chief street of Turin, which fronts the duke's palace, and when finished, will be one of the noblest in Italy for its length. There is one convenience in this city that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out, for, at a few minutes' warning, they have a little river running by the wall of the house that is burning. The court of Turin is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in Italy; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its mag-

nificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the French than even the rest of the Italians. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and, notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the French armies have made through their country, by the ruin and desolation they have left behind them. I passed through Piedmont and Savoy, at a time when the duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the French.

I came directly from Turin to Geneva, and had a very easy journey over mount Cénnis, though about the beginning of December, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it. The inhabitants thereabout pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with trouts, though they say it is covered with ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of Italy that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the Alps and Apennines; for, as these vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of so many artificial basins; where, if any fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into lakes before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient Romans took a great deal of pains

to hew out a passage for these lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or recovering of the soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the Fucinis by the Emperor Claudius, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous Naumachia and splendid entertainment which were made upon it before the sluices were opened, is a known piece of history. In all our journey through the Alps, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the Alps, as I did the last with those of the Apennines. The poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the Alps are quite different from the Apennines, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in Italy.

Cuncta gelu canâque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas nescit flammis moleire pruinas,
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A superâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbrâ.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores;
Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.

SIL. IT. lib. 3.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach them how to run:

Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'ns' upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green,
But hoary winter unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms,
Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boisterous court,
That in thick show'rs her rocky summit shrouds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

GENEVA AND THE LAKE

NEAR St. Julian in Savoy the Alps begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which, in respect of the other parts of the Alps, may pass for a plain champaign country. This extent of lands, with the Leman lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in Europe, was it all thrown into a single state, and had Geneva for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The Duke of Savoy has the Chablais, and all the fields that lie beyond the Arve, as far as to the Ecluse. The King of France is master of the whole country of Gex; and the canton of Berne comes in for that of Vaud. Geneva and its little territories lie in the heart of these three states. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are however at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular

effects on the country which they enclose. As first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. It is to the last of these winds that the inhabitants of Geneva ascribe the healthfulness of their air; for, as the Alps surround them on all sides, they form a vast kind of basin, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapours, the country being so well watered, did not the north wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the Alps have on Geneva is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the sun is down, in respect of those who live at Geneva. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up a horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of Mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other, huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of snow that lie several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the lake, and the borders of it that lie north of the town.

This lake resembles a sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different states bordering on it, the kingdom

of France, and the duchy of Savoy, the canton of Berne, the bishopric of Sion, and the republic of Geneva. I have seen papers fixed up in the canton of Berne, with this magnificent preface: "Whereas, we have been informed of several abuses committed in our ports and harbours on the lake," &c.

I made a little voyage round the lake, and touched on the several towns that lie on its coasts, which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The right side of the lake from Geneva belongs to the Duke of Savoy, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of woods, vineyards, meadows, and corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the Alps, where the barrenness of the rocks, or the steepness of the ascent, will suffer them. The wine, however, on this side the lake, is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the sun. We here passed by Yvoire, where the duke keeps his galleys, and lodged at Tonon, which is the greatest town on the lake belonging to the Savoyard. It has four convents, and, they say, about six or seven thousand inhabitants. The lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little distance from Tonon stands Ripaille, where there is a convent of Carthusians. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the genius of the inhabitants. There are vistas in it of a great length, that terminate upon the lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steeps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular misshapen scenes in the world. The house

that is now in the hands of the Carthusians belonged formerly to the Hermits of St. Maurice, and is famous in history for the retreat of an anti-pope, who called himself Felix the Fifth. He had been Duke of Savoy, and, after a very glorious reign, took on him the habit of a hermit, and retired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury, from whence the Italians to this day make use of the proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia;* and the French, *Faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great managements with several ecclesiastics before he turned hermit, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a year before he was chosen pope by the council of Basil, who took upon them to depose Eugenio the Fourth. This promised fair at first, but, by the death of the emperor, who favoured Amadeo, and the resolution of Eugenio, the greatest part of the church threw itself again under the government of their deposed head. Our anti-pope, however, was still supported by the Council of Basil, and owned by Savoy, Switzerland, and a few other little states. This schism lasted in the church nine years, after which Felix voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of Pope Nicholas the Fifth, but on the following conditions, that Amadeo should be the first cardinal in the conclave; that the pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to kiss; that he should be perpetual cardinal legate in the states of Savoy and Switzerland, and in the archbishoprics of Geneva, Sion, Bress, &c. and lastly, that all the cardinals of his creation should be recognized by the pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the church, and

so honourable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at Ripaille, and died with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At Tonon they showed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomeness. They say it weighs two ounces in a pound less than the same measure of the lake water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above Tonon is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns on the coast of Savoy, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the lake the mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the mountains several sharp rocks that stand above the rest; for, as these mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the rains have washed away abundance of the soil, that has left the veins of stones shooting out of them; as in a decayed body the flesh is still shrinking from the bones. The natural histories of Switzerland talk very much of the fall of these rocks, and the great damage they have sometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We saw in several parts of the Alps, that bordered upon us, vast pits of snow, as several mountains that lie at a greater distance are wholly covered with it. I fancied the confusion of mountains and hollows, I here observed, furnished me with a more probable reason than any I have met with for those periodical fountains in Switzerland, which flow only at such particular hours of the day; for, as the tops of these mountains cast their shadows upon one another, they hinder the sun's shining on several parts at such certain times, so that there are several

heaps of snow, which have the sun lying upon them two or three hours together, and are in the shade all the day afterwards. If, therefore, it happens that any particular fountain takes its rise from any of these reservoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such hours of the day as the snow begins to melt: but as soon as the sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the fountain dries up, and receives no more supplies till about the same time the next day, when the heat of the sun again sets the snows a running that fall into the same little conduits, traces, and canals, and by consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same place. At the very extremity of the lake the Rhone enters, and, when I saw it, brought along with it a prodigious quantity of water; the rivers and lakes of this country being much higher in summer than in winter, by reason of the melting of the snows. One would wonder how so many learned men could fall into so great an absurdity, as to believe this river could preserve itself unmixed with the lake till its going out again at Geneva, which is a course of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance when I saw it, though as clear as rock-water at its going out. Besides, that it brought in much more water than it carried off. The river, indeed, preserves itself for about a quarter of a mile in the lake, but is afterwards so wholly mixed, and lost with the waters of the lake, that one discovers nothing like a stream till within about a quarter of a mile of Geneva. From the end of the lake to the source of the Rhone is a valley of about four days' journey in length, which gives the name of Vallesins to its inhabitants, and is the dominion of the Bishop of Sion. We lodged the second night at Ville Neuve, a little town in the canton of

Berne, where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other side of the lake. The next day, having passed by the castle of Chillon, we came to Versoy, another town in the canton of Berne, where Ludlow retired after having left Geneva and Lausanne. The magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the solicitation of the Duchess of Orleans, as the death of his friend Lisle made him quit the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the greatest safety, it being an easy matter to know what strangers are in the town by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscription over the door,

Omne solum forti patria
quia patris.

The first part is a piece of a verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own. He is buried in the best of the churches, with the following epitaph:

Siste gradum et respice

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, Patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis anno 23. Tribunus Militum, paulo post exercitûs prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugnâ intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et mansuetus, patriæ liberetatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ impugnator acerrimus; cujus causâ ab eâdem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus apud Helvetios se recepit ibique ætatis anno 73. Moriens sui desiderium relinquens sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, consors dilectissima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693.

Ludlow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them ei-

ther of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his monument is a tombstone with the following inscription:

Depositorium

Andreæ Broughton, Armigeri Anglicani Maydstonensis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ, solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. ætatis suæ 84.

The inhabitants of the place could give no account of this Broughton, but, I suppose, by his epitaph, it is the same person that was clerk to the pretended high court of justice, which passed sentence on the royal martyr.

The next day we spent at Lausanne, the greatest town on the lake, after Geneva. We saw the wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the town still living who have formerly passed through it. The Duke of Schomberg, who was killed in Savoy, lies in this church, but without any monument or inscription over him. Lausanne was once a republic, but is now under the canton of Berne, and governed, like the rest of their dominions, by a bailiff, who is sent them every three years from the senate of Berne. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any person of their own body, in matters of life and death. Every inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house here sell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that, not many years ago, it happened that a cobbler had a casting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From Lausanne to Geneva we coasted along the country of the Vaud,

which is the fruitfullest and best cultivated part of any among the Alps. It belonged formerly to the Duke of Savoy, but was won from him by the canton of Berne, and made over to it by the treaty of Julian, which is still very much regretted by the Savoyard. We called in at Morge, where there is an artificial port, and a show of more trade than in any other town on the lake. From Morge we came to Nyon. The *colonia equestris*, that Julius Cæsar settled in this country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old Roman inscriptions and statues, and, as I walked in the town, I observed, in the walls of several houses, the fragments of vast Corinthian pillars, with several other pieces of architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no author that mentions this colony, yet it is certain, by several old Roman inscriptions, that there was such a one. Lucan, indeed, speaks of a part of Cæsar's army that came to him from the Leman lake in the beginning of the civil war.

Deseruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles' distance from Nyon they show still the ruins of Cæsar's wall, that reached eighteen miles in length, from Mount Jura to the borders of the lake, as he has described it in the first book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the lake is Versoy, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the king of France. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence directly for Geneva, which makes a very noble show from the lake. There are near Geneva, several quarries of free-stone that run under the lake. When the water is at lowest

they make within the borders of it a little square enclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit, and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when the lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times, as one sails over them. As the lake approaches Geneva it grows still narrower and narrower, till at last it changes its name into the Rhone, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have seen a great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the Alps, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to Geneva. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to Lyons. From Lyons there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another straight line, and, notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to itself to have found its way out from among the Alps, whatever windings it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon Geneva, which is a republic so well known to the English. It lies at present under some

difficulties, by reason of the emperor's displeasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the magistrates find some way to remedy it; and they say it is already done by the interposition of the states of Holland. The occasion of the emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the king of France for the payment of his army in Italy. They obliged themselves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of Lyons, who would not trust their king in their own names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of Geneva merchants. The republic fancies itself hardly treated by the emperor, since it is not any action of the state, but a compact among private persons that hath furnished out these several remittances. They pretend, however, to have put a stop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the empire.

FRIBOURG, BERNE, SOLEURRE, ZURICH ST. GAUL, LINDAW, &c.

From Geneva I travelled to Lausanne, and thence to Fribourg, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a canton: its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by stair-cases of a prodigious ascent. This inconvenience, however, gives them a very great commodity in case a fire breaks out in any part of the town, for

by reason of several reservoirs on the tops of these mountains, by the opening of a sluice they convey a river into what part of the town they please. They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chapel, called the Salutation, is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in Switzerland. There is a great deal of room in it, and several beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures representing most of the fathers of their order, who have been eminent for their piety or learning; among the rest, many Englishmen whom we name rebels, and they martyrs. Henry Garnet's inscription says, that when the heretics could not prevail with him, either by force or promises, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the Capuchins I saw the escargatoire, which I took the more notice of, because I do not remember to have met with any thing of the same in other countries. It is a square place, boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large snails, that are esteemed excellent food when they are well dressed. The floor is strewed about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants, among which the snails nestle all the winter season. When Lent arrives, they open their magazines, and take out of them the best meagre food in the world, for there is no dish of fish that they reckon comparable to a ragout of snails.

About two leagues from Fribourg we went to see a hermitage, that is reckoned the greatest curiosity of these parts. It lies in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which, at first sight, dispose a man to be serious. There has lived in it a hermit these five-and-twenty years, who with his own

hands has worked in the rock a pretty chapel, a sacristy, a chamber, kitchen, cellar, and other conveniences. His chimney is carried up through the whole rock, so that you see the sky through it, notwithstanding the rooms lie very deep, He has cut the side of the rock into a flat for a garden, and, by laying on it the waste earth that he has found in several of the neighbouring parts, has made such a spot of ground of it as furnishes out a kind of luxury for a hermit. As he saw drops of water distilling from several parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himself two or three fountains, in the bowels of the mountain, that serve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to Berne, a great part of them through woods of fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country makes them mend their highways with wood instead of stone. I could not but take notice of the make of several of their barns I here saw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it four huge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither mice nor any other sort of vermin can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at Berne was, their public walks by the great church. They are raised extremely high, and that their weight might not break down the walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in England, from the streets and gardens that lie at the foot of them; yet, about forty years ago, a person in his

drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He died about four years ago. There is the noblest summer prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow. They are about twenty-five leagues distance from the town, though, by reason of their height and their colour, they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is perhaps the most magnificent of any Protestant church in Europe, out of England. It is a very bold work, and a master-piece in Gothic architecture.

I saw the arsenal of Berne, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is, indeed, no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war, after one has seen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a traveller's while to look into all that lie in his way; for, besides the idea it gives him of the forces of a state, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of its history. Thus in that of Geneva, one meets with the ladders, petards, and other utensils, which were made use of in their famous escalade, besides the weapons they took of the Savoyards, Florentines, and French in the several battles mentioned in their history. In this of Berne you have the figure and armour of the count who founded the town, and of the famous Tell, who is represented as shooting at the apple on his son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here likewise saw the figure and armour of him that headed the peasants in the war upon Berne, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They show too abundance of arms that they took from the Burgundians in the three great

battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the great Duke of Burgundy himself, with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the council meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made on occasion of the peasants' insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal, of a priest pouring wine between the horns of a bull. The priest is veiled after the manner of the old Roman sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that Virgil describes in the third Æneïd.

Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.

This antiquity was found at Lausanne.

The town of Berne is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at set distances from one end of the streets to the other. There is, indeed, no country in the world better supplied with water, than the several parts of Switzerland that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds in horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains.

On the road between Berne and Soleurre there is a monument erected by the republic of Berne, which tells us the story of an Englishman, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription

is in Latin verse on one side of the stone, and in German on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this: "One Cussinus, an Englishman, to whom the Duke of Austria had given his sister in marriage, came to take her from him among the Swiss by force of arms, but after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here overthrown by the canton of Berne."

Soleurre is our next considerable town that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in Switzerland. The French ambassador has his residence in this place. His master contributed a great sum of money to the Jesuits' church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern building in Switzerland. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars, which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to Hermes: they seem Tuscan by their proportion. The whole fortification of Soleurre is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are the high mountains that lie within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the Franche Compté.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the canton of Berne, to the little town of Meldingen. I was surprised to find, in all my road through Switzerland, the wine that grows in the country of Vaud, on the borders of the lake of Geneva, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of Switzerland are as commodious to them, in this respect, as the sea is to the English. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the lake, which furnishes all the towns that lie upon its borders. What

they design for other parts of the country they unload at Vevy, and, after about half a day's land-carriage, convey it into the river Aar, which brings it down the stream to Berne, Soleurre, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of Switzerland; as it is easy to guess from the first sight of the map, which shows us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many rivers and lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The canton of Berne is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men into the field; though the soldiers of the Catholic cantons, who are much poorer, and, therefore, forced to enter oftener into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the Protestants.

We lay one night at Meldingen, which is a little Roman Catholic town, with one church, and no convent. It is a republic of itself under the protection of the eight ancient cantons. There are in it a hundred bourgeois, and about a thousand souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason, though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight cantons, their protectors. They have three councils; the great council of fourteen, the little council of ten, and the privy council of three. The chief of the state are the two avoyers: when I was there, the reigning avoyer, or the doge of the commonwealth, was son to the innkeeper where I was lodged; his father having enjoyed the same honours before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pounds a year. The several

councils meet every Thursday upon affairs of state, such as the reparation of a trough, the mending of a pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped over head, like the rest in Switzerland. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the French ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his master gives the town a pension of twenty pounds sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful republic firm to the French interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of state. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a bailiff for the distribution of justice; in imitation still of the great cantons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at Zurich, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the lake, and is reckoned the handsomest town in Switzerland. The chief places shown to strangers are the arsenal, the library, and the town-house. This last is but lately finished, and is a very fine pile of building. The frontispiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble streaked with white, which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The chambers for the several councils, with the other apartments, are very neat. The whole building is, indeed, so well designed, that it would make a good figure even in Italy. It is a pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish Latin sentences, that consist often in a jingle of words.

I have, indeed, observed in several inscriptions this country, that your men of learning here are (tremely delighted in playing little tricks with wo and figures; for your Swiss wits are not yet got (of anagram and acrostic. The library is a very la room, pretty well filled. Over it is another ro furnished with several artificial and natural curi ties. I saw in it a huge map of the country of Zuri drawn with a pencil, where they see every particu fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran o their cabinet of medals, but do not remember to h met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. T arsenal is better than that of Berne, and they say arms for thirty thousand men.

At about a day's journey from Zurich we ente on the territories of the Abbot of St. Gaul. They four hours riding in breadth, and twelve in len The abbot can raise in it an army of twelve thous men, well armed and exercised. He is sovereig the whole country, and under the protection of cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris, and Switz. is always chosen out of the abby of Benedictine St. Gaul. Every father and brother of the conv has a voice in the election, which must afterward confirmed by the pope. The last abbot was Card Sfondrati, who was advanced to the purple about years before his death. The abbot takes the ad and consent of his chapter, before he enters on matter of importance; as the levying of a tax, or claring of a war. His chief lay-officer is the gr *maître d'hôtel*, or high-steward of the household, is named by the abbot, and has the managemen all affairs under him. There are several other jud and distributers of justice appointed for the sev parts of his dominions, from whom there always

an appeal to the prince. His residence is generally at the Benedictine convent at St. Gaul, notwithstanding the town of St. Gaul is a little Protestant republic, wholly independent of the abbot, and under the protection of the cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich bourgeois in the town of St. Gaul, and so very few poor people in a place that has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little state, is its linen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its inhabitants. The whole country about them furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in Holland; for they have excellent artizans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were so covered with their manufacture, that, coming in the dusk of the evening, we mistook them for a lake. They send off their works upon mules into Italy, Spain, Germany, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of St. Gaul, and in the houses that lie scattered about it, near ten thousand souls, of which there are sixteen hundred bourgeois. They choose their councils and burgomasters out of the body of the bourgeois, as in the other governments of Switzerland, which are every where of the same nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of such as are employed in state affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the states that employ them. The abby and the town bear a great aversion to one another; but, in the general diet of the cantons, their representatives sit together, and act by concert. The ab-

bot deputes his grand *maître d'hôtel*, and the town one of its burgomasters.

About four years ago the town and abby would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their common protectors. The occasion was this. A Benedictine monk, in one of their annual processions, carried his cross erected through the town, with a train of three or four thousand peasants following him. They had no sooner entered the convent than the whole town was in a tumult, occasioned by the insolence of the priest, who, contrary to all precedents, had presumed to carry his cross in that manner. The bourgeois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the convent. The procession, to escape the fury of the citizens, durst not return by the way it came, but, after the devotions of the monks were finished, passed out at a back-door of the convent, that immediately led into the abbot's territories. The abbot on his part raises an army, blocks up the town on the side that faces his dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their commodities. While things were just ripe for a war, the cantons, their protectors, interposed as umpires in the quarrel, condemning the town, that had appeared too forward in the dispute, to a fine of two thousand crowns; and enacting at the same time, that, as soon as any procession entered their walls, the priest should let the cross hang about his neck without touching it with either hand, till he came within the precincts of the abby. The citizens could bring into the field near two thousand men well exercised, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand peasants, for so many the abbot could easily raise

in his territories. But the Protestants, subjects of the abby, who, they say, make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their prince for that of their religion. The town of St. Gaul has an arsenal, library, town-houses, and churches, proportionable to the bigness of the state. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the cantons time to come to their assistance. The abby is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The church is one huge nef with a double aisle to it. At each end is a large choir. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cased over with a composition that looks the most like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the ceiling and walls of the church are lists of saints, martyrs, popes, cardinals, archbishops, kings, and queens, that have been of the Benedictine order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their birth, sanctity, or miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman Catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the ancient heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer idea of the Roman Catholic religion, nor expose more the pride, vanity, and self-interest of convents, the abuse of indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of votaries, and, in short, the superstition, credulity, and childishness, of the Roman Catholic religion. One might fill several sheets at St. Gaul, as there are few

considerable convents or churches that would not afford large contributions.

As the king of France distributes his pensions through all the parts of Switzerland, the town and abby of St. Gaul come in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns per annum, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of Anjou for king of Spain. The town and abby of St. Gaul carry a bear for their arms. The Roman Catholics have this bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their saint made in the country. One of the most learned of the Benedictine monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. "St. Gaul, it seems, whom they call the great apostle of Germany, found all this country little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it, on a very cold day, he chanced to meet a bear in his way. The saint, instead of being startled at the rencounter, ordered the bear to bring him a bundle of wood, and make him a fire. The bear served him to the best of his ability, and, at his departure, was commanded by the saint to retire into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life without ever hurting man or beast. From this time," says the monk, "the bear lived irreproachably, and observed, to his dying day, the orders that the saint had given him."

I have often considered, with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquillity that reign in Switzerland and its alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted an union and correspondence,

that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the Swiss animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their states would immediately break in upon the rest; or, were the states so many principalities, they might often have an ambitious sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But, as the inhabitants of these countries are naturally of a heavy, phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the Alps is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of its governments being so naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of states; for, as soon as any public rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable governments among the Alps are commonwealths, so, indeed, it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see, only in a neighbouring government, the ill consequence of having a despotic prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains; for, notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the Swiss and Grisons, the common people, among the lat-

ter, are much more at their ease, and in a greater affluence of all the conveniences of life. A prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor state, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavour of the several cantons of Switzerland, to banish from among them every thing that looks like pomp or superfluity. To this end the ministers are always preaching, and the governors putting out edicts against dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine clothes. This is become more necessary in some of the governments, since there are so many refugees settled among them; for, though the Protestants in France affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of manners than those of the same quality who are of the Roman Catholic communion, they have, however, too much of their country gallantry for the genius and constitution of Switzerland. Should dressing, feasting, and balls, once get among the cantons, their military roughness would be quickly lost, their tempers would grow too soft for their climate, and their expenses outrun their incomes; besides, that the materials for their luxury must be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruin a country that has but few commodities of its own to export, and is not overstocked with money. Luxury, indeed, wounds a republic in its very vitals, as its natural consequences are rapine, avarice, and injustice; for the more money a man spends, the more must he endeavour to augment his stock; which, at last, sets the liberty and votes of a commonwealth to sale, if they find any foreign power that is able to pay the price of them. We see no

where the pernicious effects of luxury on a republic more than in that of the ancient Romans, who immediately found itself poor as soon as this vice got footing among them, though they were possessed of all the riches in the world. We find in the beginnings and increases of their commonwealth, strange instances of the contempt of money, because, indeed, they were utter strangers to the pleasures that might be procured by it; or, in other words, because they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But as soon as they once entered into a state of pleasure, politeness, and magnificence, they fell into a thousand violences, conspiracies, and divisions, that threw them into all the disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter subversion of the commonwealth. It is no wonder, therefore, the poor commonwealths of Switzerland are ever labouring at the suppression and prohibition of every thing that may introduce vanity and luxury. Besides, the several fines that are set upon plays, games, balls, and feastings, they have many customs among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient simplicity. The bourgeois, who are at the head of their governments, are obliged to appear at all their public assemblies in a black cloak and a band. The women's dress is very plain, those of the best quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The persons of different qualities in both sexes are, indeed, allowed their different ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief officers of Berne, for example, are known by the crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character.

The peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of canvass, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holiday clothes go from father to son, and are seldom worn out, till the second or third generation: so that it is common enough to see a countryman in the doublet and breeches of his great-grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than Switzerland, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the court of the Alps, whither the Protestant cantons often send their children to improve themselves in language and education. The Genevois have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted by the conversation of the French Protestants, who make up almost a third of their people. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that Calvin gave them in a great council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into Italy, though by this means they make their court to the king of France at present, may some time or other give him an inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As this collection of little states abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their public granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in public exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs relating to these public granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments. I shall content myself to set down the rules observed in it by the little commonwealth of Geneva, in which I had

: time to inform myself of the particulars than
y other. There are three of the little council
ted for this office. They are obliged to keep to-
:r a provision sufficient to feed the people at
two years, in case of war or famine. They must
care to fill their magazines in times of the great-
lenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and in-
e the public revenue at a small expense of its
ers. None of the three managers must, upon
retence, furnish the granaries from his own
, that so they may have no temptation to pay too
a price, or put any bad corn upon the public.
must buy up no corn growing within twelve
of Geneva, that so the filling their magazines
not prejudice their market, and raise the price
eir provisions at home. That such a collection
rn may not spoil in keeping, all the inns and
c-houses are obliged to furnish themselves out
by which means is raised the most considerable
:h of the public revenues; the corn being sold
it a much dearer rate than it is bought up: so
:he greatest income of the commonwealth, which
the pensions of most of its officers and minis-
is raised on strangers and travellers, or such of
own body as have money enough to spend at
ns and public-houses.

is the custom in Geneva and Switzerland to di-
their estates equally among all their children, by
h means every one lives at his ease without
ing dangerous to the republic, for as soon as an
grown estate falls into the hands of one that has
children, it is broken into so many portions
nder the sharers of it rich enough, without rais-
em too much above the level of the rest. This
olutely necessary in these little republics, where

the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and, by heaping up vast sums from year to year, might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their republic. At Geneva, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thousand crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Protestants and Papists know very well that it is their common interest to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the states of Europe, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their discourse. The Catholics are zealous for the French king, as the Protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good success, of the English and Dutch, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the Reformation. The ministers, in particular, have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the French king; but so long as the Swiss see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have, indeed, the exercise of their religion, and their ministers with them, which is the more remarkable, because the very same prince refused even those of the church of England, who followed their master to St. Germains, the public exercise of their religion.

Before I leave Switzerland, I cannot but observe, that the notion of witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men, who are most of them furnished with matters of fact which happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own

nowledge. It is certain there have been many exe-
itions on this account, as in the canton of Berne
ere were some put to death during my stay at Ge-
va. The people are so universally infatuated with
: notion, that, if a cow falls sick, it is ten to one but
old woman is clapped up in prison for it, and if the
or creature chance to think herself a witch, the
ole country is for hanging her up without mercy.
e finds, indeed, the same humour prevail in most
he rocky, barren parts of Europe. Whether it be
t poverty and ignorance, which are generally the
ducts of these countries, may really engage a
etch in such dark practices, or whether or no the
ne principles may not render the people too credu-
s, and, perhaps, too easy to get rid of their unpro-
ble members.

A great affair that employs the Swiss politics at
sent is the prince of Conti's succession to the
chess of Nemours in the government of Neufcha-

The inhabitants of Neufchatel can by no means
nk of submitting themselves to a prince who is a
man Catholic, and a subject of France. They were
y attentive to his conduct in the principality of
ange, which they did not question but he would
e with all the mildness and moderation imaginable,
it would be the best means in the world to recom-
nd him to Neufchatel. But, notwithstanding it
s so much his interest to manage his Protestant
jects in that country, and the strong assurances he
l given them in protecting them in all their privi-
es, and particularly in the free exercise of their re-
ion, he made over his principality in a very little
e for a sum of money to the king of France. It
indeed, generally believed the prince of Conti
uld rather still have kept his title to Orange, but

the same respect which induced him to quit his government, might, at another time, tempt him to give up that of Neufchatel on the like conditions. The king of Prussia lays in his claim for Neufchatel, as he did for the principality of Orange, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the inhabitants than the other; but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a free commonwealth, after the death of the Duchess of Nemours, if the Swiss will support them. The Protestant cantons seem much inclined to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the duchess dies while the king of France has his hands so full of business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the French king to establish his authority on this side Mount Jura, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not easy to foresee what a round sum of money, or the fear of a rupture with France, may do among a people who have tamely suffered the Franche Compté to be seised on, and a fort to be built within cannon-shot of one of their cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in Switzerland, which spreads very much in the Protestant cantons. The professors of it call themselves Pietists; and, as enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagances, they differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of Christianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much from the conversation of the world. To sink themselves into an entire repose and tranquillity of mind. In this state of silence to attend the secret illapse and flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace and consolation, joys or raptures. To favour all his secret intimations,

and give themselves up entirely to his conduct and direction, so as neither to speak, move, or act, but as they find his impulse on their souls. To retrench themselves within the conveniences and necessities of life. To make a covenant with all their senses, so far as to shun the smell of a rose or violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful prospect. To avoid, as much as is possible, what the world calls innocent pleasures, lest they should have their affections tainted by any sensuality, and diverted from the love of him who is to be the only comfort, repose, hope, and delight, of their whole beings. This sect prevails very much among the Protestants of Germany, as well as those of Switzerland, and has occasioned several edicts against it in the duchy of Saxony. The professors of it are accused of all the ill practices which may seem to be the consequence of their principles, as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to the dictates of the Holy Spirit; that both sexes, under pretence of devout conversation, visit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very best of them are possessed with spiritual pride, and a contempt for all such as are not of their own sect. The Roman Catholics, who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world for the keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the church, though certainly these lay a very great restraint on those of the Ro-

man Catholic persuasion. But I take one great cause, why there are so few sects in the church of Rome, to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that serve as receptacles for all those fiery zealots who would set the church in a flame, were not they got together in these houses of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humours, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a fanatic, is, in the Roman church, a religious of such or such an order; as I have been told of an English merchant at Lisbon, who, after some great disappointments in the world, was resolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the principles, as the practice of those to whom they go over.

From St. Gaul I took horse to the lake of Constance, which lies at two leagues distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the Rhine. This is the only lake in Europe that disputes for greatness with that of Geneva; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from Constance, the chief town on its banks. When the cantons of Berne and Zurich proposed, at a general diet, the incorporating Geneva in the number of the cantons, the Roman Catholic party, fearing the Protestant interest might receive by it too great a strengthening, proposed, at the same time, the incantoning of Constance, as a counterpoise: to which the Protestants not consenting, the project fell to the ground. We crossed the lake to Lindaw, and, in several parts of it, observed abundance of little bubbles of

air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed always to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many springs that break out of the bottom of the lake. Lindaw is an imperial town on a little island that lies at about three hundred paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The inhabitants were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehensions of the duke of Bavaria, after his having fallen upon Ulme and Memminghen. They flatter themselves that, by cutting their bridge, they could hold out against his army: but, in all probability, a shower of bombs would quickly reduce the bourgeois to surrender. They were formerly bombarded by Gustavus Adolphus. We were advised by our merchants, by no means to venture ourselves in the duke of Bavaria's country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of Munich, Augsburg, and Ratisbon, and were forced to take our way to Vienna through Tirol, where we had very little to entertain us besides the natural face of the country.

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

After having coasted the Alps for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the Tirol, and, following the course of the river Inn, we came to Inspruck, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital city of the Tirol.

Inspruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the archdukes

who were counts of Tirol: the palace where they used to keep their court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is, indeed, a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in fresco, and represent the labours of Hercules. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I here saw the largest menage that I have met with any where else. At one end of it is a great partition designed for an opera. They showed us also a very pretty theatre. The last comedy that was acted on it was designed by the Jesuits, for the entertainment of the queen of the Romans, who passed this way from Hanover to Vienna. The compliment which the Fathers made her majesty, on this occasion, was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the raillery of the court; for, the arms of Hanover being a horse, the Fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the queen by Bucephalus, that would let nobody get upon him but Alexander the Great. The wooden horse, that acted this notable part, is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace, which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they showed us the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, who was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful statue in brass of an Archduke Leopold on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of water-nymphs and river-gods, well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a water-work, as one might

easily make a great variety of jetteaus, at a small expense, in a garden that has the river Inn running by its walls. The late duke of Lorrain had this palace, and the government of the Tirol assigned him by the emperor; and his lady, the queen dowager of Poland, lived here several years after the death of the duke, her husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I passed through a very long one, which reaches to the church of the Capuchin convent, where the duke of Lorrain used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They showed us in this convent the apartments of Maximilian, who was archduke and count of Tirol, about fourscore years ago. This prince, at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this convent with all the rigour and austerity of a Capuchin. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little square chambers, wainscoted. His private lodgings are three or four small rooms faced with a kind of fret-work, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preserve this apartment of the convent uninhabited, and show in it the altar, bed, and stove, as likewise a picture and a stamp of this devout prince. The church of the Franciscan convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor Maximilian the First, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his grandson Ferdinand the First, who probably looked upon this emperor as the founder of the Austrian greatness. For, as by his own marriage he annexed the Low Countries to the house of Austria, so, by matching his son to Joan of Arragon, he settled on his posterity the kingdom of Spain, and, by the marriage of his grandson, Ferdinand, got into his family the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. This monument is

only honorary, for the ashes of the emperor lie elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of Maximilian on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful bass-relief representing the actions of this prince. His whole history is digested into twenty-four square pannels of sculpture in bass-relief. The subject of two of them is his confederacy with Henry the Eighth, and the wars they made together upon France. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to Maximilian. Among the rest is one that the fathers of the convent tell us represents King Arthur, the old British king. But what relation had that Arthur to Maximilian? I do not question, therefore, but it was designed for Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the Eighth, who had espoused Catharine, sister of Maximilian, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal revolutions in England. This church was built by Ferdinand the First. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern architecture, but, at the same time, that the architect has shown his dislike of the Gothic manner, one may see very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The portal, for example, consists of a composite order unknown to the ancients; the ornaments, indeed, are taken from them, but so put together, that you see the volutas of the Ionic, the foliage of the Corinthian, and the uovali of the Doric, mixed without any regularity on the same capital. So the vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered with too many little tricks in sculpture. It is, indeed, supported with single columns, instead of those vast clusters of little pillars that one meets with

in Gothic cathedrals; but, at the same time, these columns are of no regular order, and at least, twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces, which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shown the little Notredame, that is handsomely designed and topped with a cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the country of the Tirol against the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus, who could not enter this part of the empire, after having overrun most of the rest. This temple was, therefore, built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's distance from Inspruck stands the castle of Amras, furnished with a prodigious quantity of medals, and many other sorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I must refer the reader to Monsieur Patin's account in his Letter to the Duke of Wirtemburg, having myself had neither time nor opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From Inspruck we came to Hall, that lies at a league distance on the same river. This place is particularly famous for its salt-works. There are, in the neighbourhood, vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock not unlike alum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as salt itself. Four or five hundred men are always at work in the mountains, where, as soon as they have hewn down any quantities of the rock, they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of salt which are mixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals, from the mines, to the town of Hall, where it is received in vast cisterns, and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pound weight. This would raise a great revenue to the emperor, were there here such a tax on salt as there is in France. At present he clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in Switzerland, and other parts of the Alps, several of these quarries of salt that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The salt-works at Hall have a great convenience for fuel, which swims down to them on the river Inn. This river, during its course through the Tirol, is generally shut up between a double range of mountains that are most of them covered with woods of fir-trees. Abundance of peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that, after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the salt-works. At Inspruck they take up vast quantities for the convents and public officers, who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the emperor; the rest of it passes on to Hall. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty-five leagues up the river above Hall, and there are other rivers that flow into the Inn, which bring in their contributions. These salt-works, and a mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almost as populous as Inspruck itself. The design of this mint is to work off part of the metals which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At Hall we took a boat to carry us to Vienna.

The first night we lay at Rottenburg, where is a strong castle above the town. Count Serini is still a close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his senses by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at Kuff-stain, where there is a fortress on a high rock above the town, almost inaccessible on all sides: this being a frontier place on the duchy of Bavaria, where we entered, after about an hour's rowing from Kuff-stain. It was the pleasantest voyage in the world to follow the windings of the river Inn through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes, on each side of us, a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of fir-trees, so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colours, completed the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landscape are not always the most profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the Tirol not being able to feed the inhabitants. This long valley of the Tirol lies enclosed on all sides by the Alps, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that lie among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three councils residing at Inspruck; one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distributions of justice. As these courts regulate themselves by the orders they receive from the imperial court, so, in many cases,

there are appeals from them to Vienna. The inhabitants of the Tirol have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and, at the same time, border upon many different governments, as the Grisons, Venetians, Swiss, Bavarians, &c. a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a republic, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: besides, that their country is poor, and that the emperor draws considerable incomes out of his mines of salt and metal. They are these mines that fill the country with greater numbers of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The emperor has forts and citadels at the entrance of all the passes that lead into the Tirol, which are so advantageously placed on rocks and mountains, that they command all the valleys and avenues that lie about them. Besides, that the country itself is cut into so many hills and inequalities, as would render it defensible, by a very little army, against a numerous enemy. It was, therefore, generally thought the duke of Bavaria would not attempt the cutting off any succours that were sent to Prince Eugene; or the forcing his way through the Tirol into Italy. The river Inn, that had hitherto been shut up among mountains, passes generally through a wide open country during all its course through Bavaria, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a day.

THE

PRESENT STATE

OF THE

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AND THE

CESSITY OF AN AUGMENTATION,

CONSIDERED.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following essay has endeavoured to draw into one continued scheme, the whole state of the present war, and the methods that appear to him the most proper for bringing it to a happy conclusion.

After having considered that the French are the constant, and most dangerous, enemies to the British nation, and that the danger from them is now greater than ever, and will still increase, till their present union with Spain be broken, he sets forth the several advantages which this union has already given France, and taken from Great-Britain, in relation to the West-Indies, the woollen manufacture, the trade of the Levant, and the naval power of the two nations.

He shows how these advantages will still rise higher after a peace, notwithstanding our present conquests, with new additions, should be confirmed to us; as well because the monarchy of Spain would not be weakened by such concessions, as because no guarantee could be found sufficient to secure them to us. For which reason he lays it down as a fixed rule, that no peace is to be made without an entire disunion of the French and Spanish monarchies.

That this may be brought about, he endeavours to prove from the progress we have already made towards it, and the successes we have purchased in the present war, which are very considerable, if well pursued, but of no effect if we acquiesce in them.

In order to complete this disunion, in which we have gone so far, he would not have us rely upon exhausting the French treasury, attempts on the Spanish Indies, descents on France, but chiefly upon out-numbering them in troops, France being already drained of her best supplies, and the confederates masters of much greater forces for multitude and strength, both in men and horse, and provided with generals of greater fame and abilities.

He then considers the wrong measures we have hitherto taken in making too small levies after a successful campaign, in regulating their number by that of the enemies' forces, and hiring them of our confederates; showing, at the same time, the inconveniences we suffer from such hired troops, and several advantages we might receive from employing those of our own nation.

He further recommends this augmentation of our forces, to prevent the keeping up a standing body of them in times of peace, to enable us to make an impression on the enemy in the present posture of the war, and to secure ourselves against a prince, who is now at the head of a powerful army, and has not yet declared himself.

In the last place, he answers by several considerations those two popular objections, that we furnish more towards the war than the rest of the allies, and, that we are not able to contribute more than we do already.

These are the most material heads of the following essay, in which there are many other subordinate reflections that naturally grow out of so copious a subject.

November, 1707.

THE

PRESENT STATE

OF THE

WAR,

&c.

THE French are certainly the most implacable, and the most dangerous enemies of the British nation. Their form of government, their religion, their jealousy of the British power, as well as their prosecutions of commerce, and pursuits of universal monarchy, will fix them for ever in their animosities and aversion towards us, and make them catch at all opportunities of subverting our constitution, destroying our religion, ruining our trade, and sinking the figure which we make among the nations of Europe: not to mention the particular ties of honour that lie on their present king, to impose on us a prince, who must prove fatal to our country, if he ever reigns over us.

As we are thus in a natural state of war, if I may so call it, with the French nation; it is our misfortune, that they are not only the most inveterate, but most formidable, of our enemies; and have the greatest power, as well as the strongest inclination, to ruin us. No other state equals them in the force of their fleets and armies, in the nearness and conveniency of their situation, and in the number of friends and

well-wishers, which, it is to be feared, they have among us.

For these reasons, our wars with France have always affected us in our most tender interests, and concerned us more than those we have had with any other nation; but, I may venture to say, this kingdom was never yet engaged in a war of so great consequence as that which now lies upon our hands. Our *all* is at stake, and irretrievably lost, if we fail of success. At other times, if a war ended in a dishonourable peace, or with equal loss, we could comfort ourselves with the hopes of a more favourable juncture, that might set the balance right, or turn it to our advantage. We had still the prospect of forming the same alliance, or, perhaps, strengthening it with new confederacies, and, by that means, of trying our fortune a second time, in case the injustice or ambition of the enemy forced us into the field. At present, if we make a draw game of it, or procure but moderate advantages, we are in a condition which every British heart must tremble at the thought of. There are no second trials, no wars in reserve, no new schemes of alliance to which we can have recourse. Should the French king be able to bear down such an united force as now makes head against him, at a time when Spain affords him no greater assistance; what will he do when the trade of the Levant lies at his mercy; when the whole kingdom of Spain is supplied with his manufactures, and the wealth of the Indies flows into his coffers; and, what is yet worse, when this additional strength must arise, in all its particulars, from a proportionable decay in the states that now make war upon him? It is no wonder, therefore, that our late king, of glorious memory, who, by the confession of his greatest enemies, was a prince that per-

tly understood the interests of Europe, should, in last speech, recommend to his parliament the de-ring war against France in these memorable rds: "You have yet an opportunity, by God's ssing, to secure to you, and your posterity, the et enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the an-nt vigour of the English nation: but, I tell you inly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this asion, you have no reason to hope for another."

We have already a dreadful proof of the increase of wer that accrues to France, from its conjunction h Spain. So expensive a war as that which the nch monarchy hath been carrying on in so many so remote parts at once, must long since have ined and exhausted all its substance, had there not n several secret springs, that swelled their treasu-rom time to time, in proportion as the war has k it. The king's coffers have been often reduced he lowest ebb, but have still been seasonably re-hed by frequent and unexpected supplies from Spanish America. We hear, indeed, of the arrival of very few ships from those parts; but, as in ry vessel there is stowage for immense treasures, n the cargo is pure bullion, or merchandise of as at a value; so we find, by experience, they have such prodigious sums of money conveyed to them hese secret channels, that they have been enabled ay more numerous armies than they ever had on before; and that at a time when their trade fails ll its other branches, and is distressed by all the and contrivances of their neighbouring nations. ing the last four years, by a modest computation, e have been brought into Brest above six millions ounds sterling in bullion. What, then, shall we

suppose would be the effect of this correspondence with America, might the wealth of those parts come to them on squadrons of men of war, and fleets of galleons? If these little by-currents, that creep into the country by stealth, have so great a force, how shall we stem the whole torrent, when it breaks in upon us with its full violence? and this certainly will be our case, unless we find a means to dissolve the union between France and Spain. I have dwelt the longer on this consideration, because the present war hath already furnished us with the experiment, and sensibly convinced us of the increase of power, which France has received from its intercourse with the Spanish West-Indies.

As there are many who look upon every thing, which they do not actually see and feel, as bare probability and speculation, I shall only touch on those other reasons of which we have already had some experience, for our preventing this coalition of interests and designs in the two monarchies.

The woollen manufacture is the British strength, the staple commodity and proper growth of our country; if this fails us, our trade and estates must sink together, and all the cash of the nation be consumed on foreign merchandise. The French, at present, gain very much upon us in this great article of our trade, and, since the accession of the Spanish monarchy, supply with cloth, of their own making, the very best mart we had in Europe. And what a melancholy prospect have we, if ever a peace gives them leave to enrich their manufacture with mixtures of Spanish wool, to multiply the hands employed in it, to improve themselves in all the nicetics of the art, and to vend their wares in those places where was the greatest consumption of our woollen works, and the most con-

siderable gain for the British merchant? Notwithstanding our many seasonable recruits from Portugal, and our plantations, we already complain of our want of bullion; and must at last be reduced to the greatest exigencies, if this great source be dried up, and our traffic with Spain continue under its present discouragement.

The trade of the Levant must likewise flourish or decay in our hands, as we are friends or enemies of the Spanish monarchy. The late conquest of Naples will very little alter the case, though Sicily should follow the fate of her sister kingdom. The Straits' mouth is the key of the Levant, and will be always in the possession of those who are kings of Spain. We may only add, that the same causes which straiten the British commerce, will naturally enlarge the French; and that the naval force of either nation will thrive or languish in the same degree as their commerce gathers or loses strength. And if so powerful and populous a nation as that of France become superior to us by sea, our whole is lost, and we are no more a people. The consideration of so narrow a channel betwixt us, of such numbers of regular troops on the enemy's side, of so small a standing force on our own, and that too in a country destitute of all such forts and strong places as might stop the progress of a victorious army, hath something in it so terrifying, that one does not care for setting it in its proper light. Let it not therefore enter into the heart of any one, that hath the least zeal for his religion, or love of liberty; that hath any regard either to the honour or safety of his country, or is a well-wisher for his friends or posterity, to think of a peace with France, till the Spanish monarchy be entirely torn from it, and the house of Bourbon disabled from ever giving the law to Europe.

Let us suppose that the French king would grant us the most advantageous terms we can desire; without the separation of the two monarchies, they must infallibly end in our destruction. Should he secure to us all our present acquisitions; should he add two or three frontier towns to what we have already in Flanders; should he join the kingdoms of Sicily and Sardinia to Milan and Naples; should he leave King Charles in the peaceable possession of Catalonia; should he make over to Great Britain the town and harbour of Cadiz, as well as that of Gibraltar, and at the same time resign his conquests in Portugal: it would all be of no effect towards the common safety of Europe, while the bulk of the Spanish continent and the riches of America remain in the possession of the Bourbon family.

Boccalini, when he weighs the states of Europe in his political balance, after having laid France in one scale, throws Spain into the other, which wanted but very little of being a counterpoise. The Spaniards upon this, says he, began to promise themselves the honour of the balance; reckoning that, if Spain of itself weighed so well, they could not fail of success when the several parts of the monarchy were lumped in the same scale. Their surprise was very great, when, upon the throwing in of Naples, they saw the scale rise, and was greater still when they found that Milan and Flanders had the same effect. The truth of it is, that these parts of the Spanish monarchy are rather for ornament than strength. They furnish out vice-royalties for the grandees, and posts of honour for the noble families; but in a time of war are incumbrances to the main body of the kingdom, and leave it naked and exposed by the great number of hands they draw from it to their defence. Should we

herefore continue in the possession of what we have lready made ourselves masters, with such additions s have been mentioned, we should have little more han the excrescences of the Spanish monarchy. The strength of it will still join itself to France, and grow the closer to it by its disunion from the rest. And in this case the advantages which must arise to that people from their intimate alliance with the remaining part of the Spanish dominions, would in a very few years not only repair all the damages they have sustained in the present war, but fill the kingdom with more riches than it hath yet had in its most flourishing periods.

The French king hath often entered on several expensive projects on purpose to dissipate the wealth that is continually gathering in his coffers in times of peace. He hath employed immense sums on architecture, gardening, water-works, painting, statuary, and the like, to distribute his treasures among his people, as well as to humour his pleasures and his ambition; but if he once engrosses the commerce of the Spanish Indies, whatever quantities of gold and silver stagnate in his private coffers, there will be still enough to carry on the circulation among his subjects. By this means, in a short space of time he may heap up greater wealth than all the princes of Europe joined together; and in the present constitution of the world, wealth and power are but different names for he same thing. Let us therefore suppose that, after eight or ten years of peace, he hath a mind to infringe ny of his treaties, or invade a neighbouring state; to revive the pretensions of Spain upon Portugal, or attempt the taking those places which were granted us or our security; what resistance, what opposition can we make to so formidable an enemy? Should the same

alliance rise against him that is now in war with him, what could we hope for from it, at a time when the states engaged in it will be comparatively weakened, and the enemy, who is now able to keep them at a stand, will have received so many new accessions of strength?

But I think it is not to be imagined, that, in such a conjuncture as we here suppose, the same confederates, or any other of equal force, could be prevailed upon to join their arms, and endeavour at the pulling down so exorbitant a power. Some might be brought into his interests by money, others drawn over by fear, and those that are liable to neither of these impressions, might not think their own interest so much concerned as in the present war; or, if any appeared in a disposition to enter into such a confederacy, they might be crushed separately before they could concert measures for their mutual defence.

The keeping together of the present alliance can be ascribed to nothing else but the clear and evident conviction which every member of it is under, that if it should once break without having had its effect, they can never hope for another opportunity of reuniting, or of prevailing by all the joint efforts of such a union. Let us therefore agree on this, as a fixed rule, and an inviolable maxim, never to lay down our arms against France, till we have utterly disjoined her from the Spanish monarchy. Let this be the first step of a public treaty, the basis of a general peace.

Had the present war indeed run against us, and all our attacks upon the enemy been vain, it might look like a degree of frenzy, or a mixture of obstinacy and despair, to be determined on so impracticable an undertaking. But, on the contrary, we have already done a great part of our work, and are come within

w of the end that we have been so long driving at.
e remain victorious in all the seats of war. In
nders we have got into our hands several open
ntries, rich towns, and fortified places. We have
en the enemy out of all his alliances, dispossess-
him of his strong holds, and ruined his allies in
many. We have not only recovered what the
nning of the war had taken from us, but pos-
ed ourselves of the kingdom of Naples, the
y of Milan, and the avenue of France and Italy.
Spanish war hath given us a haven for our ships,
he most populous and wealthy province of that
dom. In short, we have taken all the outlying
of the Spanish monarchy, and made impres-
upon the very heart of it. We have beaten the
ch from all their advanced posts in Europe, and
n them into their last intrenchments. One vigo-
push on all sides, one general assault will force
nemy to cry out for quarter, and surrender them-
s at discretion. Another Blenheim or Ramil-
will make the confederates masters of their own
s, and arbitrators of a peace.

it, notwithstanding the advantages already gain-
re very considerable, if we pursue them, they
e of no effect, unless we improve them towards
carrying of our main point. The enemy stag-
; if you follow your blow, he falls at your feet;
if you allow him respite, he will recover his
gth, and come upon you with greater fury. We
given him several repeated wounds that have
bled him, and brought him low; but they are
as time will heal, unless you take advantage
his present weakness to redouble your attacks
him. It was a celebrated part in Cæsar's cha-
r, and what comes home to our present purpose,

plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was substantial honest, homespun ware. His cane indeed came from the East-Indies, and two or three little superfluities from Turkey, and other parts. It is said that he encouraged himself with a bottle of neat port, before he appeared at the trial. He was huzzaed into the court by several thousands of weavers, clothiers, fullers, dyers, packers, callenders, setters, silk-men, spinners, dressers, whistlers, winders, mercers, throwsters, sugar-bakers, distillers, drapers, hosiers, planters, merchants, and fishermen; who all unanimously declared, that they could not live above two months longer, if their friend Fact did not gain his cause.

Everybody was overjoyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no sooner made his appearance in court, but several of his friends fell a weeping at the sight of him: for indeed he had not been seen there three years before.

The charge he exhibited against Count Tariff was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the said Count had given in false and fraudulent reports in the name of the plaintiff.

II. That the said Count had tampered with the said plaintiff, and made use of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the said Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the said plaintiff, having misrepresented him in many cunningly-devised speeches, as a person in the French interest.

IV. That the said Count had averred in the presence of above five hundred persons, that he had heard the plaintiff speak in derogation of the Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Hollanders, and others who were the persons whom the said plaintiff had

always favoured in his discourse, and whom he should always continue to favour.

V. That the said Count had given a very disadvantageous relation of the three great farms, which had long flourished under the care and superintendency of the plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the said farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of strangers. That he would have lessened and destroyed the produce of the said farms.

That by these and many other wicked devices he would have starved many honest day-labourers: have impoverished the owner, and have filled his farm with beggars, &c.

VII. That the said Count had either sunk or mis-laid several books, papers, and receipts, by which the plaintiff might sooner have found means to vindicate himself from such calumnies, aspersions, and misrepresentations.

In all these particulars Goodman Fact was very short, but pithy: for, as I said before, he was a plain, home-spun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had farther so much of the Quaker in him, that he never swore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was observed, that Count Tariff endeavoured to brow-beat the plaintiff all the while he was speaking: but though he was not so impudent as the Count, he was every whit as sturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to speak, old Fact so stared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often struck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his discourse.

More witnesses appeared on this occasion, to att Goodman Fact's veracity, than ever were seen ir court of justice. His cause was pleaded by the abl men in the kingdom: among whom was a gentlem of Suffolk, who did him signal service.

Count Tariff appeared just the reverse of Goodn Fact. He was dressed in a fine brocade waistc curiously embroidered with flower-de-luces. wore also a broad-brimmed hat, a shoulder-knot, a pair of silver-clocked stockings. His speeches w accompanied with much gesture and grimace. abounded in empty phrases, superficial flourist violent assertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, had all the French assurance, cunning, and volubi of tongue; and would most certainly have carried cause, had he dealt with any one antagonist in world besides Goodman Fact.

The count being called upon to answer to charge which had been made against him, did it a a manner peculiar to the family of the Tariffs, viz. railing and calling names.

He, in the first place, accused his adversary of *sc dalum magnatum*, and of speaking against his sup ors with sauciness and contempt. As the plain g man was not of a make to have any friends at co he was a little startled at this accusation, till at len he made it appear, that it was impossible for an his family to be either saucy or cringing; for that tl character was, above all others in the world, to what was required of them by the court, that is, " speak the truth and nothing but the truth."

The count, in the next place, assured the co that his antagonist had taken upon him a wrong na having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that reality, his name was not Fact, but Faction. T

count was so pleased with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every sentence; calling his antagonist's assertions the reports of faction; his friends, the sons of faction; the testimonies of his witnesses, the dictates of faction: nay, with such a degree of impudence did he push this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of such a starving multitude, the clamours of faction.

As soon as the count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the court that Fact was not an Englishman by birth, but that he was of Dutch extraction, and born in Holland. In consequence of this assertion, he began to rally the poor plaintiff, under the title of Mynheer Van Fact; which took pretty well with the simpletons of his party, but the men of sense did not think the jest worth all their lands and tenements.

When the count had finished his speech, he desired leave to call in his witnesses, which was granted; when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in such a manner that it was impossible to see his face. He spoke in the spirit, nay, in the very language of the count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his assertions. Being asked his name; he said the world called him Mercator: but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars which, for certain reasons, he was obliged to conceal. The court found him such a false, shuffling, prevaricating rascal, that they set him aside as a person unqualified to give his testimony in a court o justice; advising him at the same time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering such notorious

falsehoods as he had then published. The witness, however, persisted in his contumacy, telling them he was very sorry to find, that, notwithstanding what he had said, they were resolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witness, who spoke much to the reputation of Count Tariff. This was a tall black, blustering person, dressed in a Spanish habit with a plume of feathers on his head, a Golillio about his neck, and a long Toledo sticking out by his side: his garments were so covered with tinsel and spangles, that at a distance he seemed to be made up o silver and gold. He called himself Don Assiento and mentioned several nations that had sought his friendship; but declared that he had been gained over by the count; and that he was come into these parts to enrich every one that heard him. The cour was at first very well pleased with his figure, and the promises he made them; but upon examinatio found him a true Spaniard: nothing but show an beggary. For it was fully proved, that, notwithstand ing the boasts and appearance which he made, he wa not worth a groat: nay, that upon casting up his an nual expenses, with the debts and incumbrance which lay upon his estate, he was worse than no thing.

There appeared another witness in favour of th count, who spoke with so much violence and warmt that the court began to listen to him very attentiv ly; till, upon hearing his name, they found he was notorious knight of the post, being kept in pay, give his testimony on all occasions where it was war ed. This was the Examiner; a person who h abused almost every man in England, that deserve

well of his country. He called Goodman Fact a liar, a seditious person, a traitor, and a rebel; and so much incensed the honest man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that so foul-mouthed a witness never appeared in any cause. Seeing several persons of great eminence, who had maintained the cause of Goodman Fact, he called them idiots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheists, apostates, fiends, and devils: never did man show so much eloquence in ribaldry. The court was at length so justly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who spared no age, nor sex, nor profession, which had shown any friendship or inclination for the plaintiff, that several began to whisper to one another, it was high time to bring him to punishment. But the witness overhearing the word Pillory repeated twice or thrice, slunk away privately, and hid himself among the people.

After a full hearing on both sides, Count Tariff was cast, and Goodman Fact got his cause; but the court sitting late, did not think it fit at that time to give him costs, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honest man immediately retired, after having assured his friends, that at any time when the count should appear on the like occasion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their assistance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman Fact's success created in the city of London; there was nothing to be seen or heard the next day, but shaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had escaped; and gratitude to those who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonstrations of joy.

OF THE

HRISTIAN RELIGION.

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

SECTION I.

I. *General division of the following discourse, with regard to Pagan and Jewish authors, who mention particulars relating to our Saviour.*

II. *Not probable that any such should be mentioned by Pagan writers who lived at the same time, from the nature of such transactions:*

III. *Especially when related by the Jews:*

IV. *And heard at a distance by those who pretended to as great miracles of their own.*

V. *Besides that, no Pagan writers of that age lived in Judea or its confines.*

VI. *And because many books of that age are lost.*

VII. *An instance of one record proved authentic.*

VIII. *A second record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.*

THAT I may lay before you a full state of the subject under our consideration, and methodize the several particulars that I touched upon in discourse with you; I shall first take notice of such Pagan authors as have given their testimony to the history of our Saviour; reduce these authors under their respective classes, and show what authority their testimonies carry with them. Secondly, I shall take notice of Jewish authors in the same light.

II. There are many reasons, why you should not expect that matters of such a wonderful nature should be taken notice of by those eminent Pagan writers, who were contemporaries with Jesus Christ,

or by those who lived before his disciples had personally appeared among them, and ascertained the report which had gone abroad concerning a life so full of miracles.

Supposing such things had happened at this day in Switzerland, or among the Grisons, who make a greater figure in Europe than Judea did in the Roman empire, would they be immediately believed by those who live at a great distance from them? or would any certain account of them be transmitted into foreign countries, within so short a space of time as that of our Saviour's public ministry? Such kinds of news, though never so true, seldom gain credit till some time after they are transacted and exposed to the examination of the curious, who, by laying together circumstances, attestations, and characters of those who are concerned in them, either receive or reject what at first none but eye-witnesses could absolutely believe or disbelieve. In a case of this sort it was natural for men of sense and learning to treat the whole account as fabulous, or at farthest to suspend their belief of it, until all things stood together in their full light.

III. Besides, the Jews were branded not only for superstitions different from all the religions of the Pagan world, but in a particular manner ridiculed for being a credulous people; so that whatever reports of such a nature came out of that country, were looked upon by the Heathen world as false, frivolous, and improbable.

IV. We may further observe, that the ordinary practice of magic in those times, with the many pretended prodigies, divinations, apparitions, and local miracles among the Heathens, made them less attentive to such news from Judea, till they had time to

ısider the nature, the occasion, and the end of our ;iour's miracles, and were awakened by many sur-sing events to allow them any consideration at all.

V. We are indeed told by St. Matthew, that the ıe of our Saviour, during his life, went throughout Syria, and that there followed him great multi-es of people from Galilee, Judea, Decapolis, ımæa, from beyond Jordan, and from Tyre and on. Now had there been any historians of those es and places, we might have expected to have ı in them some account of those wonderful trans-ons in Judea; but there is not any single author ınt, in any kind, of that age, in any of those atries.

'I. How many books have perished, in which pos-y there might have been mention of our Saviour? k among the Romans, how few of their writings come down to our times? In the space of two dred years from our Saviour's birth, when there such a multitude of writers in all kinds, how ll is the number of authors that have made their to the present age?

'II. One authentic record, and that the most au-ıtic Heathen record, we are pretty sure is lost. I ın the account sent by the Governor of Judea, ler whom our Saviour was judged, condemned, and cified. It was the custom in the Roman empire, t is to this day in all the governments of the world, the præfects and viceroys of distant provinces to ısmit to their sovereign a summary relation of ry thing remarkable in their administration. That tius Pilate, in his account, would have touched on extraordinary an event in Judea, is not to be ɔted; and that he actually did, we learn from Jus-Martyr, who lived about a hundred years after our

Saviour's death, resided, made converts, and suffe
martyrdom at Rome, where he was engaged with p
losophers, and in a particular manner with Crescens t
cynic, who could easily have detected, and would r
fail to have exposed him, had he quoted a record r
in being, or made any false citation out of it. Wou
the great apologist have challenged Crescens to d
pute the cause of Christianity with him before t
Roman senate, had he forged such an evidence?
would Crescens have refused the challenge, could
have triumphed over him in the detection of such
forgery? To which we must add, that the apolog
which appeals to this record, was presented to
learned emperor, and to the whole body of the R
man senate. This father in his apology, speaking
the death and suffering of our Saviour, refers the e
peror for the truth of what he says to the acts of Po
tius-Pilate, which I have here mentioned. Tertullia
who wrote his apology about fifty years after Justi
doubtless referred to the same record, when he te
the governor of Rome, that the Emperor Tiberi
having received an account out of Palestine in Sy
of the Divine Person who had appeared in that cou
try, paid him a particular regard, and threatened
punish any who should accuse the Christians; n
that the emperor would have adopted him among t
deities whom they worshipped, had not the senate r
fused to come into his proposal. Tertullian, w
gives us this history, was not only one of the m
learned men of his age, but, what adds a great
weight to his authority in this case, was eminen
skilful and well read in the laws of the Roman e
pire. Nor can it be said, that Tertullian ground
his quotation upon the authority of Justin Martyr,
cause we find he mixes it with matters of fact wh

re not related by that author. Eusebius mentions he same ancient record, but, as it was not extant in his time, I shall not insist upon his authority in this point. If it be objected that this particular is not mentioned in any Roman historian, I shall use the same argument in a parallel case, and see whether it will carry any force with it. Ulpian, the great Roman lawyer, gathered together all the imperial edicts that had been made against the Christians. But did any one ever say that there had been no such edicts, because they were not mentioned in the histories of those emperors? Besides, who knows but this circumstance of Tiberius was mentioned in other historians that have been lost, though not to be found in any still extant? Has not Suetonius many particulars of this emperor omitted by Tacitus, and Herodian many that are not so much as hinted at by either? As for the spurious acts of Pilate, now extant, we know the occasion and time of their writing; and had there not been a true and authentic record of this nature, they would never have been forged.

VIII. The story of Agbarus, king of Edessa, relating to the letter which he sent to our Saviour, and to that which he received from him, is a record of great authority; and though I will not insist upon it, may venture to say, that had we such an evidence for any fact in Pagan history, an author would be thought very unreasonable who should reject it. I believe you will be of my opinion, if you will peruse, with other authors who have appeared in vindication of these letters as genuine, the additional arguments which have been made use of by the late famous and learned Dr. Grabe, in the second volume of his Spicilegium.

SECTION II.

I. *What facts in the history of our Saviour might be taken notice of by Pagan authors.*
II. *What particular facts are taken notice of, and by what Pagan authors.*
III. *How Celsus represented our Saviour's miracles.*
IV. *The same representations made of them by other unbelievers, and proved unreasonable.*
V. *What facts in our Saviour's history not to be expected from Pagan writers.*

I. WE now come to consider what undoubted authorities are extant among Pagan writers; and here we must premise, that some parts of our Saviour's history may be reasonably expected from Pagans. I mean such parts as might be known to those who lived at a distance from Judea, as well as to those who were the followers and eye-witnesses of Christ.

II. Such particulars are most of these which follow, and which are all attested by some one or other of those heathen authors, who lived in or near the age of our Saviour and his disciples. "That Augustus Cæsar had ordered the whole empire to be censed, or taxed," which brought our Saviour's reputed parents to Bethlehem: this is mentioned by several Roman historians, as Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dion. "That a great light, or a new star, appeared in the east, which directed the wise men to our Saviour:" this is recorded by Chalcidius. "That Herod, the king of Palestine, so often mentioned in the Roman history, made a great slaughter of innocent children," being so jealous of his successor, that he put to death his own sons on that account: this character of him is given by several historians, and this cruel fact mentioned by Macrobius, a Heathen author, who tells it

as a known thing, without any mark or doubt upon it. "That our Saviour had been in Egypt;" this Celsus, though he raises a monstrous story upon it, is so far from denying, that he tells us our Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country. "That Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea; that our Saviour was brought in judgment before him, and by him condemned and crucified:" this is recorded by Tacitus. "That many miraculous cures and works, out of the ordinary course of nature were wrought by him:" this is confessed by Julian the apostate, Porphyry, and Hierocles, all of them not only Pagans, but professed enemies and persecutors of Christianity. "That our Saviour foretold several things, which came to pass according to his predictions:" this was attested by Phlegon in his Annals, as we are assured by the learned Origen against Celsus. "That at the time when our Saviour died, there was a miraculous darkness, and a great earthquake:" this is recorded by the same Phlegon the Trallian, who was likewise a Pagan, and freeman to Adrian the Emperor. We may here observe, that a native of Trallium, which was not situate at so great a distance from Palestine, might very probably be informed of such remarkable events as had passed among the Jews in the age immediately preceding his own times, since several of his countrymen with whom he had conversed, might have received a confused report of our Saviour before his crucifixion, and probably lived within the shake of the earthquake, and the shadow of the eclipse, which are recorded by this author. "That Christ was worshipped as a God among the Christians; that they would rather suffer death than blaspheme him; that they received a sacrament, and by it entered into a vow of abstaining from sin and wick-

edness," conformable to the advice given by St. Paul; "that they had private assemblies of worship, and used to join together in hymns." This is the account which Pliny the younger gives of Christianity in his days, about seventy years after the death of Christ, and which agrees in all its circumstances with the accounts we have in holy writ, of the first state of Christianity, after the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. "That St. Peter, whose miracles are many of them recorded in holy writ, did many wonderful works," is owned by Julian the apostate, who therefore represents him as a great magician, and one who had in his possession a book of magical secrets left him by our Saviour. "That the devils, or evil spirits, were subject to them," we may learn from Porphyry, who objects to Christianity, that since Jesus had begun to be worshipped, Æsculapius and the rest of the gods did no more converse with men. Nay, Celsus himself affirms the same thing in effect, when he says, that the power which seemed to reside in Christians, proceeded from the use of certain names, and the invocation of certain demons. Origen remarks on this passage, that the author doubtless hints at those Christians who put to flight evil spirits, and healed those who were possessed with them; a fact which had been often seen, and which he himself had seen, as he declares in another part of his discourse against Celsus. But at the same time, he assures us, that this miraculous power was exerted by the use of no other name but that of Jesus, to which were added several passages in his history, but nothing like any invocation to demons.

III. Celsus was so hard set with the report of our Saviour's miracles, and the confident attestations concerning him, that though he often intimates he did not

believe them to be true, yet, knowing he might be silenced in such an answer, provides himself with another retreat, when beaten out of this: namely, that our Saviour was a magician. Thus he compares the feeding of so many thousands at two different times, with a few loaves and fishes, to the magical feasts of those Egyptian impostors, who would present their spectators with visionary entertainments that had in them neither substance nor reality: which, by the way, is to suppose, that a hungry and fainting multitude were filled by an apparition, or strengthened and refreshed with shadows. He knew very well that there were so many witnesses and actors, if I may call them such, in these two miracles, that it was impossible to refute such multitudes, who had doubtless sufficiently spread the fame of them, and was therefore in this place forced to resort to the other solution, that it was done by magic. It was not enough to say that a miracle which appeared to so many thousand eye-witnesses was a forgery of Christ's disciples, and therefore, supposing them to be eye-witnesses, he endeavours to show how they might be deceived.

IV. The unconverted Heathens, who were pressed by the many authorities that confirmed our Saviour's miracles, as well as the unbelieving Jews, who had actually seen them, were driven to account for them after the same manner: for, to work by magic in the Heathen way of speaking, was, in the language of the Jews, to cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. Our Saviour, who knew that unbelievers in all ages would put this perverse interpretation on his miracles, has branded the malignity of those men, who, contrary to the dictates of their own hearts, started such an unreasonable objec-

tion, as a blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and declared not only the guilt, but the punishment of so black a crime. At the same time he condescended to show the vanity and emptiness of this objection against his miracles, by representing that they evidently tended to the destruction of those powers, to whose assistance the enemies of his doctrine then ascribed them. An argument, which, if duly weighed, renders the objection so very frivolous and groundless, that we may venture to call it even blasphemy against common sense. Would magic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worship which was paid to stocks and stones, to give them an abhorrence of those evil spirits who rejoiced in the most cruel sacrifices, and in offerings of the greatest impurity; and, in short, to call upon mankind to exert their whole strength in the love and adoration of that one Being, from whom they derived their existence, and on whom only they were taught to depend every moment for the happiness and continuance of it? Was it the business of magic to humanize our natures with compassion, forgiveness, and all the instances of the most extensive charity? Would evil spirits contribute to make men sober, chaste, and temperate, and in a word to produce that reformation, which was wrought in the moral world by those doctrines of our Saviour, that received their sanction from his miracles? Nor is it possible to imagine, that evil spirits would enter into a combination with our Saviour to cut off all their correspondence and intercourse with mankind, and to prevent any for the future from addicting themselves to those rites and ceremonies, which had done them so much honour. We see the early effect which Christianity had on the minds of men in this particular, by that number

of books, which were filled with the secrets of magic, and made a sacrifice to Christianity by the converts mentioned in the acts of the Apostles. We have likewise an eminent instance of the inconsistency of our religion with magic, in the history of the famous Aquila. This person, who was kinsman of the Emperor Trajan, and likewise a man of great learning, notwithstanding he had embraced Christianity, could not be brought off from the studies of magic, by the repeated admonitions of his fellow Christians: so that at length they expelled him their society, as rather choosing to lose the reputation of so considerable a proselyte, than communicate with men who dealt in such dark and infernal practices. Besides, we may observe, that all the favourers of magic were the most professed and bitter enemies to the Christian religion. Not to mention Simon Magus and many others, I shall only take notice of those two great persecutors of Christianity, the Emperor Adrian, and Julian the apostate, both of them initiated in the mysteries of divination, and skilled in all the depths of magic. I shall only add, that evil spirits cannot be supposed to have concurred in the establishment of a religion, which triumphed over them, drove them out of the places they possessed, and divested them of their influence on mankind; nor would I mention this particular, though it be unanimously reported by all the ancient Christian authors, did it not appear from the authorities above cited, that this was a fact confessed by Heathens themselves.

V. We now see what a multitude of Pagan testimonies may be produced for all those remarkable passages, which might have been expected from them: and indeed of several, that, I believe, do more than answer your expectation, as they were not sub-

jects in their own nature so exposed to public not ety. It cannot be expected they should mention p ticulars, which were transacted amongst the disci only, or among some few even of the disciples th selves; such as the transfiguration, the agony in garden, the appearance of Christ after his resurr tion, and others of the like nature. It was impo ble for a Heathen author to relate these things; cause if he had believed them, he would no lon have been a Heathen, and by that means his testi ny would not have been thought of so much valid Besides, his very report of facts, so favourable Christianity, would have prompted men to say t he was probably tainted with their doctrine. W have a parallel case in Hecatæus, a famous Gre historian, who had several passages in his book co formable to the history of the Jewish writers, whi when quoted by Josephus, as a confirmation of t Jewish history, when his Heathen adversaries cou give no other answer to it, they would needs su pose that Hecatæus was a Jew in his heart, thou they had no other reason for it, but because his hist ry gave greater authority to the Jewish than t Egyptian records.

SECTION III.

Introduction to a second list of Pagan authors, who gave testimony of our Saviour.

I. *A passage concerning our Saviour, from a learned Athenian.*

II. *His conversion from Paganism to Christianity makes his evidence stronger than if he had continued a Pagan.*

V. *Of another Athenian philosopher converted to Christianity.*

V. *Why their conversion, instead of weakening, strengthens their evidence in defence of Christianity.*

VI. *Their belief in our Saviour's history founded at first upon the principles of historical faith.*

VII. *Their testimonies extended to all the particulars of our Saviour's history.*

VIII. *As related by the four Evangelists.*

I. TO this list of Heathen writers, who make mention of our Saviour, or touch upon any particulars of his life, I shall add those authors who were at first Heathens, and afterwards converted to Christianity; upon which account, as I shall here show, their testimonies are to be looked upon as the more authentic. And in this list of evidences, I shall confine myself to such learned Pagans as came over to Christianity in the three first centuries, because those were the times in which men had the best means of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, and because among the great number of philosophers who came in afterwards, under the reigns of Christian emperors, there might be several who did it partly out of worldly motives.

II. Let us now suppose, that a learned Heathen writer who lived within sixty years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having shown that false miracles were generally wrought in obscurity, and before few or no witnesses, speaking of those which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following passage:

"but his works were always seen, because they w
true; they were seen by those who were healed, a
by those who were raised from the dead. Nay, th
persons, who were thus healed, and raised, were se
not only at the time of their being healed and rais
but long afterwards. Nay, they were seen not only
the while our Saviour was upon earth, but survi
after his departure out of this world; nay, some
them were living in our days."

III. I dare say you would look upon this as a g
rious attestation for the cause of Christianity, ha
come from the hand of a famous Athenian philo
pher. These forementioned words however are ac
ally the words of one who lived about sixty years af
our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous philo
pher in Athens; but it will be said, he was a conv
to Christianity. Now, consider this matter imp
tially, and see if his testimony is not much more
lid for that reason. Had he continued a Pagan p
losopher, would not the world have said, that he w
not sincere in what he writ, or did not believe i
for, if so, would not they have told us he would ha
embraced Christianity? This was indeed the case
this excellent man: he had so thoroughly examin
the truth of our Saviour's history, and the excell
cy of that religion which he taught, and was so
tirely convinced of both, that he became a prosely
and died a martyr.

IV. Aristides was an Athenian philosopher, at t
same time, famed for his learning and wisdom, l
converted to Christianity. As it cannot be questi
ed that he perused and approved the apology of Q
dratus, in which is the passage just now cited,
joined with him in an apology of his own, to
same emperor, on the same subject. This apolo

hough now lost, was extant in the time of Ado Vinensis, A. D. 870, and highly esteemed by the most earned Athenians, as that author witnesses. It must ave contained great arguments for the truth of our Saviour's history, because in it he asserted the divinity of our Saviour, which could not but engage him in the proof of his miracles.

V. I do allow that, generally speaking, a man is not so acceptable and unquestioned an evidence in facts which make for the advancement of his own party. But we must consider that, in the case before us, the persons to whom we appeal, were of an opposite party, till they were persuaded of the truth of those very facts which they report. They bear evidence to a history in defence of Christianity, the truth of which history was their motive to embrace Christianity. They attest facts which they had heard while they were yet Heathens, and had they not found reason to believe them, they still would have continued Heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings.

VI. When a man is born under Christian parents, and trained up in the profession of that religion from a child, he generally guides himself by the rules of Christian faith in believing what is delivered by the Evangelists; but the learned Pagans of antiquity, before they became Christians, were only guided by the common rules of historical faith: that is, they examined the nature of the evidence which was to be met with in common fame, tradition, and the writings of those persons who related them, together with the number, concurrence, veracity, and private characters of those persons; and being convinced, upon all accounts, that they had the same reason to believe the history of our Saviour, as that of any other person to

which they themselves were not actually eye-witnesses, they were bound by all the rules of historical faith, and of right reason, to give credit to this history. This they did accordingly, and in consequence of it published the same truth themselves, suffered many afflictions, and very often death itself, in the assertion of them. When I say, that a historical belief of the acts of our Saviour induced these learned Pagans to embrace his doctrine, I do not deny that there were many other motives, which conduced to it, as the excellency of his precepts, the fulfilling of prophecies, the miracles of his disciples, the irreproachable lives and magnanimous sufferings of their followers, with other considerations of the same nature; but whatever other collateral arguments wrought more or less with philosophers of that age, it is certain that a belief in the history of our Saviour was one motive with every new convert, and that upon which all others turned, as being the very basis and foundation of Christianity.

VII. To this I must further add, that as we have already seen many particular facts which are recorded in holy writ, attested by particular Pagan authors, the testimony of those I am now going to produce, extends to the whole history of our Saviour, and to that continued series of actions, which are related of him and his disciples in the books of the New Testament.

VIII. This evidently appears from their quotations out of the Evangelists, for the confirmation of any doctrine or account of our Blessed Saviour. Nay, a learned man of our nation, who examined the writings of the most ancient fathers in another view, refers to several passages in Irenæus, Tertullian, Clemens of Alexandria, Origen, and Cyprian, by

which he plainly shows that each of these early writers ascribed to the four Evangelists, by name, their respective histories; so that there is not the least room for doubting of their belief in the history of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels. I shall only add, that three of the five fathers here mentioned, and probably four, were Pagans converted to Christianity, as they were all of them very inquisitive and deep in the knowledge of Heathen learning and philosophy.

SECTION IV.

I. *Character of the times in which the Christian religion was propagated.*
II. *And of many who embraced it.*
III. *Three eminent and early instances.*
IV. *Multitudes of learned men who came over to it.*
V. *Belief in our Saviour's history, the first motive to their conversion.*
VI. *The names of several Pagan Philosophers, who were Christian converts.*

I. IT happened very providentially, to the honour of the Christian religion, that it did not take its rise in the dark, illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and sciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the business of their lives to search after truth, and sift the several opinions of philosophers and wise men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happiness of reasonable creatures.

II. Several of these, therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's history, and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and manners of his disciples and followers, were so struck and convinced, that they professed themselves of that

sect; notwithstanding, by this profession in that juncture of time, they bid farewell to all the pleasures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted course of severities, and exposed themselves to public hatred and contempt, to sufferings of all kinds, and to death itself.

III. Of this sort we may reckon those three early converts to Christianity, who each of them was a member of a senate famous for its wisdom and learning. Joseph the Arimathean was of the Jewish Sanhedrim, Dionysius of the Athenian Areopagus, and Flavius Clemens of the Roman senate; nay, at the time of his death, consul of Rome. These three were so thoroughly satisfied of the truth of the Christian religion, that the first of them, according to all the reports of antiquity, died a martyr to it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve Aristides, his fellow-citizen and contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by Roman and Christian authors.

IV. Among those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the known nations of the world came over to Christianity at its first appearance, we may be sure there were great numbers of wise and learned men, beside those whose names are in the Christian records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's history, before they would leave the religion of their country and of their forefathers, for the sake of one that would not only cut them off from the allurements of this world, but subject them to every thing terrible or disagreeable in it. Tertullian tells the Roman governors, that their corporations, councils, armies, tribes, companies, the palace senate, and courts of judicature, were filled with Christians; as Arnobius asserts, that men of the finest parts and learning, orators, grammarians, rheto

ricians, lawyers, physicians, philosophers, despising the sentiments they had been once fond of, took up their rest in the Christian religion.

V. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themselves of the history of that person, whose doctrines they embraced? for, however consonant to reason his precepts appeared, how good soever were the effects which they produced in the world, nothing would have tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly persuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many attestations of his divine mission, which were to be met with in the history of his life. This was the ground-work of the Christian religion, and if this failed, the whole superstructure sunk with it. This point, therefore, of the truth of our Saviour's history, as recorded by the Evangelists, is every where taken for granted in the writings of those, who from Pagan philosophers became Christian authors, and who, by reason of their conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the truth of what is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. Besides innumerable authors that are lost, we have the undoubted names, works, or fragments, of several Pagan philosophers, which show them to have been as learned as any unconverted Heathen authors of the age in which they lived. If we look into the greatest nurseries of learning in those ages of the world, we find in Athens, Dionysius, Quadratus, Aristides, Athenagoras, and in Alexandria, Dionysius, Clemens, Ammonius, Arnobius, and Anatolius, to whom we may add Origen, for though his father was a Christian martyr, he became, without all con-

troversy, the most learned and able philosopher of his age, by his education at Alexandria, in that famous seminary of arts and sciences.

SECTION V.

I. *The learned Pagans had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history.*
II. *From the proceedings,*
III. *The characters, sufferings,*
IV. *And miracles of the persons who published it.*
V. *How these first apostles perpetuated their tradition, by ordaining persons to succeed them.*
VI. *How their successors in the three first centuries preserved their tradition.*
VII. *That five generations might derive this tradition from Christ, to the end of the third century.*
VIII. *Four eminent Christians that delivered it down successively to the year of our Lord 254.*
IX. *The faith of the four above-mentioned persons, the same with that of the churches of the East, of the West, and of Egypt.*
X. *Another person added to them, who brings us to the year 343, and that many other lists might be added in as direct and short a succession.*
XI. *Why the tradition of the three first centuries more authentic than that of any other age, proved from the conversation of the primitive Christians.*
XII. *From the manner of initiating men into their religion.*
XIII. *From the correspondence between the churches.*
XIV. *From the long lives of several of Christ's disciples, of which two instances.*

I. IT now therefore only remains to consider, whether these learned men had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history; for, unless this point can be made out, their testimonies will appear invalid, and their inquiries ineffectual.

II. As to this point, we must consider, that many thousands had seen the transactions of our Saviour in

Judea, and that many hundred thousands had received an account of them from the mouths of those who were actually eye-witnesses. I shall only mention among these eye-witnesses the twelve apostles, to whom we must add St. Paul, who had a particular call to this high office, though many other disciples and followers of Christ had also their share in the publishing this wonderful history. We learn from the ancient records of Christianity, that many of the apostles and disciples made it the express business of their lives, travelled into the remotest parts of the world, and in all places gathered multitudes about them, to acquaint them with the history and doctrines of their crucified Master. And indeed, were all Christian records of these proceedings entirely lost, as many have been, the effect plainly evinces the truth of them; for how else during the apostles' lives could Christianity have spread itself with such an amazing progress through the several nations of the Roman empire? how could it fly like lightning, and carry conviction with it, from one end of the earth to the other?

III. Heathens, therefore, of every age, sex, and quality, born in the most different climates, and bred up under the most different institutions, when they saw men of plain sense, without the help of learning, armed with patience and courage, instead of wealth, pomp, or power, expressing in their lives those excellent doctrines of morality, which they taught, as delivered to them from our Saviour, averring that they had seen his miracles during his life, and conversed with him after his death; when, I say, they saw no suspicion of falsehood, treachery, or worldly interest in their behaviour and conversation, and that they submitted to the most ignominious and cruel

deaths, rather than retract their testimony, or even be silent in matters which they were to publish by their Saviour's especial command, there was no reason to doubt of the veracity of those facts which they related, or of the Divine Mission in which they were employed.

IV. But even these motives to faith in our Saviour would not have been sufficient to have brought about in so few years such an incredible number of conversions, had not the apostles been able to exhibit still greater proofs of the truths which they taught. A few persons of an odious and despised country could not have filled the world with believers, had they not shown undoubted credentials from the Divine Person who sent them on such a message. Accordingly, we are assured, that they were invested with the power of working miracles, which was the most short and the most convincing argument that could be produced, and the only one that was adapted to the reason of all mankind, to the capacities of the wise and ignorant, and could overcome every cavil and every prejudice. Who would not believe that our Saviour healed the sick, and raised the dead, when it was published by those who themselves often did the same miracles, in their presence, and in his name? Could any reasonable person imagine, that God Almighty would arm men with such power to authorize a lie, and establish a religion in the world which was displeasing to him; or that evil spirits would lend them such an effectual assistance to beat down vice and idolatry?

V. When the apostles had formed many assemblies in several parts of the Pagan world, who gave credit to the glad tidings of the Gospel, that, upon their departure, the memory of what they had relat-

might not perish, they appointed out of these new nverts, men of the best sense, and of the most un-:mished lives, to preside over these several assem-.es, and to inculcate without ceasing what they had ard from the mouths of these eye-witnesses.

VI. Upon the death of any of those substitutes to e apostles and disciples of Christ, his place was fill-. up with some other person of eminence for his ety and learning, and generally a member of the me church, who, after his decease, was followed by iother, in the same manner, by which means the iccession was continued in an uninterrupted line. 'enæus informs us, that every church preserved a italogue of its bishops, in the order that they suc-:eded one another, and (for an example) produces ie catalogue of those who governed the church of .ome in that character, which contains eight or nine ersons, though but a very small remove from the mes of the apostles.

Indeed, the lists of bishops, which are come down) us in other churches, are generally filled with reater numbers than one would expect. But the iccession was quick in the three first centuries, be-ause the bishop very often ended in the martyr: or, when a persecution arose in any place, the first ury of it fell upon this order of holy men, who abun-lantly testified, by their deaths and sufferings, that hey did not undertake these offices out of any tem-oral views, that they were sincere and satisfied in he belief of what they taught, and that they firmly idhered to what they had received from the apostles, is laying down their lives in the same hope, and upon the same principles. None can be supposed so ut-terly regardless of their own happiness, as to expire in torment, and hazard their eternity, to support any

fables and inventions of their own, or any forgeries of their predecessors who had presided in the same church, and which might have been easily detected by the tradition of that particular church, as well as by the concurring testimony of others. To this purpose, I think it is very remarkable, that there was not a single martyr among those many heretics who disagreed with the apostolical church, and introduced several wild and absurd notions into the doctrines of Christianity. They durst not stake their present and future happiness on their own chimerical imaginations, and did not only shun persecution, but affirmed that it was unnecessary for their followers to bear their religion through such fiery trials.

VII. We may fairly reckon, that this first age of apostles and disciples, with that second generation of many who were their immediate converts, extended itself to the middle of the second century, and that several of the third generation from these last mentioned, which was but the fifth from Christ, continued to the end of the third century. Did we know the age and numbers of the members in every particular church, which was planted by the apostles, I doubt not but in most of them there might be found five persons, who, in a continued series, would reach through these three centuries of years, that is, till the 265th from the death of our Saviour.

VIII. Among the accounts of those very few, out of innumerable multitudes, who had embraced Christianity, I shall single out four persons eminent for their lives, their writings, and their sufferings, that were successively contemporaries, and bring us down as far as to the year of our Lord 254. St. John, who was the beloved disciple, and conversed the most intimately with our Saviour, lived till Anno Dom. 100:

lycarp. who was the disciple of St. John, and had
ıversed with others of the apostles and disciples of
: Lord, lived till Anno Dom. 167, though his life
s shortened by martyrdom: Irenæus, who was
: disciple of Polycarp, and had conversed with ma-
of the immediate disciples of the apostles, lived,
the lowest computation of his age, till the year
2, when he was likewise cut off by martyrdom; in
ich year the great Origen was appointed regent of
: Catechetic school in Alexandria, and as he was
: miracle of that age, for industry, learning. and
ilosophy, he was looked upon as the champion of
ıristianity, till the year 254, when, if he did not
ffer martyrdom, as some think he did, he was cer-
nly actuated by the spirit of it, as appears in the
ıole course of his life and writings: nay, he had
en been put to the torture, and had undergone
ıls worse than death. As he conversed with the
ıst eminent Christians of his time in Egypt, and in
: east, brought over multitudes both from heresy
l heathenism, and left behind him several disciples
great fame and learning, there is no question but
ıre were considerable numbers of those who knew
n, and had been his hearers, scholars, or prose-
es, that lived to the end of the third century, and
the reign of Constantine the Great.

IX. It is evident to those who read the lives and
itings of Polycarp, Irenæus, and Origen, that these
ee fathers believed the accounts which are given
our Saviour in the four Evangelists, and had un-
ubted arguments that not only St. John, but many
ıers of our Saviour's disciples, published the
ne accounts of him. To which we must subjoin
s further remark, that what was believed by these
hers on this subject, was likewise the belief of the

main body of Christians in those successive ages when they flourished; since Polycarp cannot but be looked upon, if we consider the respect that was paid him, as the representative of the eastern churches in this particular, Irenæus of the western upon the same account, and Origen of those established in Egypt.

X. To these I might add Paul, the famous hermit, who retired from the Decian persecution five or six years before Origen's death, and lived till the year 343. I have only discovered one of those channels by which the history of our Saviour might be conveyed, pure and unadulterated, through those several ages that produced those Pagan philosophers, whose testimonies I make use of for the truth of our Saviour's history. Some or other of these philosophers came into the Christian faith during its infancy, in the several periods of these three first centuries, when they had such means of informing themselves in all the particulars of our Saviour's history. I must further add, that, though I have here only chosen this single link of martyrs, I might find out others among those names which are still extant, that delivered down this account of our Saviour in a successive tradition, till the whole Roman empire became Christian; as there is no question but numberless series of witnesses might follow one another in the same order, and in as short a chain, and that perhaps in every single church, had the names and ages of the most eminent primitive Christians been transmitted to us with the like certainty.

XI. But to give this consideration more force, we must take notice, that the tradition of the first ages of Christianity had several circumstances peculiar to it, which made it more authentic than any other tra

on in any other age of the world. The Christians, › carried their religion through so many general particular persecutions, were incessantly coming and supporting one another, with the example history of our Saviour and his apostles. It was subject not only of their solemn assemblies, but heir private visits and conversations. "Our vir-ɜ," says Tatian, who lived in the second century, iscourse over their distaffs on divine subjects." eed, when religion was woven into the civil go-nment, and flourished under the protection of the ›erors, men's thoughts and discourses were, as y are now, full of secular affairs; but in the three t centuries of Christianity, men who embraced this gion, had given up all their interests in this world, lived in a perpetual preparation for the next, as knowing how soon they might be called to it: so they had little else to talk of but the life and doc-es of that Divine Person, which was their hope, r encouragement, and their glory. We cannot efore imagine, that there was a single person, ar-d at any degree of age or consideration, who had heard and repeated, above a thousand times in his all the particulars of our Saviour's birth, life, th, resurrection, and ascension.

III. Especially if we consider, that they could not ı be received as Christians, till they had under-e several examinations. Persons of riper years, › flocked daily into the church during the three t centuries, were obliged to pass through many eated instructions, and give a strict account of ir proficiency, before they were admitted to bap-n. And as for those who were born of Christian ents, and had been baptized in their infancy, they re with the like care prepared and disciplined for

confirmation, which they could not arrive at, till the were found, upon examination, to have made a suf cient progress in the knowledge of Christianity.

XIII. We must farther observe, that there was n only in those times this religious conversation amon private Christians, but a constant correspondence b tween the churches that were established by the apo tles or their successors, in the several parts of t world. If any new doctrine was started, or any fa reported of our Saviour, a strict inquiry was ma among the churches, especially those planted by t apostles themselves, whether they had received a such doctrine or account of our Saviour, from t mouths of the apostles, or the tradition of those Chri tians, who had preceded the present members of t churches which were thus consulted. By this mean when any novelty was published, it was immediatel detected and censured.

XIV. St. John, who lived so many years after o Saviour, was appealed to in these emergencies as t living oracle of the church; and as his oral testimo lasted the first century, many have observed that, b a particular providence of God, several of our S viour's disciples, and of the early converts of his rel gion, lived to a very great age, that they might pe sonally convey the truth of the gospel to those time which were very remote from the first publication it. Of these, besides St. John, we have a remarkabl instance in Simeon, who was one of the seventy se forth by our Saviour to publish the gospel before h crucifixion, and a near kinsman of the Lord. Th venerable person, who had probably heard with h own ears our Saviour's prophecy of the destruction Jerusalem, presided over the church established that city, during the time of its memorable siege, a

drew his congregation out of those dreadful and unparalleled calamities which befel his countrymen, by following the advice our Saviour had given, when they should see Jerusalem encompassed with armies, and the Roman standards, or abomination of desolation, set up. He lived till the year of our Lord 107, when he was martyred under the Emperor Traja

SECTION VI.

I. *The tradition of the apostles secured by other excellent institutions;*
II. *But chiefly by the writings of the Evangelists.*
III. *The diligence of the Disciples and first Christian converts, to send abroad these writings.*
IV. *That the written account of our Saviour was the same with that delivered by tradition;*
V. *Proved from the reception of the Gospel by those churches which were established before it was written;*
VI. *From the uniformity of what was believed in the several churches;*
VII. *From a remarkable passage in Irenaus.*
VIII. *Records which are now lost, of use to the three first centuries, for confirming the history of our Saviour.*
IX. *Instances of such records.*

I. THUS far we see how the learned Pagans might apprise themselves from oral information of the particulars of our Saviour's history. They could hear, in every church planted in every part of the earth, the account which was there received and preserved among them, of the history of our Saviour. They could learn the names and characters of those first missionaries that brought to them these accounts, and the miracles by which God Almighty attested their reports. But the apostles and disciples of Christ, to preserve the history of his life, and to secure their accounts of him from error and oblivion, did not only

set aside certain persons for that purpose, as has been already shown, but appropriated certain days to the commemoration of those facts which they had related concerning him. The first day of the week was, in all its returns, a perpetual memorial of his resurrection, as the devotional exercises adapted to Friday and Saturday were to denote to all ages that he was crucified on the one of those days, and that he rested in the grave on the other. You may apply the same remark to several of the annual festivals instituted by the apostles themselves, or, at farthest, by their immediate successors, in memory of the most important particulars in our Saviour's history; to which we must add the sacraments instituted by our Lord himself, and many of those rites and ceremonies which obtained in the most early times of the church. These are to be regarded as standing marks of such facts as were delivered by those who were eye-witnesses to them, and which were contrived with great wisdom to last till time should be no more. These, without any other means, might have, in some measure, conveyed to posterity the memory of several transactions in the history of our Saviour, as they were related by his disciples. At least, the reason of these institutions, though they might be forgotten, and obscured by a long course of years, could not but be very well known by those who lived in the three first centuries, and a means of informing the inquisitive Pagans in the truth of our Saviour's history, that being the view in which I am to consider them.

II. But lest such a tradition, though guarded by so many expedients, should wear out by the length of time, the four Evangelists, within about fifty, or, as Theodoret affirms, thirty years, after our Saviour's

death, while the memory of his actions was fresh among them, consigned to writing that history, which for some years had been published only by the mouth of the apostles and disciples. The farther consideration of these holy penmen will fall under another part of this discourse.

III. It will be sufficient to observe here, that, in the age which succeeded the apostles, many of their immediate disciples sent or carried in person the books of the four Evangelists, which had been written by apostles, or, at least, approved by them, to most of the churches which they had planted in the different parts of the world. This was done with so much diligence, that when Pantænus, a man of great learning and piety, had travelled into India for the propagation of Christianity, about the year of our Lord 200, he found among that remote people the Gospel of St. Matthew, which, upon his return from that country, he brought with him to Alexandria. This gospel is generally supposed to have been left in those parts by St. Bartholomew, the apostle of the Indies, who, probably, carried it with him before the writings of the three other Evangelists were published.

IV. That the history of our Saviour, as recorded by the Evangelists, was the same with that which had been before delivered by the apostles and disciples, will farther appear in the prosecution of this discourse, and may be gathered from the following considerations.

V. Had these writings differed from the sermons of the first planters of Christianity, either in history or doctrine, there is no question but they would have been rejected by those churches which they had already formed. But so consistent and uniform was

the relation of the apostles, that these histories appeared to be nothing else but their traditions and oral attestations made fixed and permanent. Thus was the fame of our Saviour, which in so few years had gone through the whole earth, confirmed and perpetuated by such records, as would preserve the traditionary account of him to after ages; and rectify it, if, at any time, by passing through several generations, it might drop any part that was material, or contract any thing that was false or fictitious.

VI. Accordingly we find the same Jesus Christ, who was born of a virgin, who had wrought many miracles in Palestine, who was crucified, rose again, and ascended into heaven; I say, the same Jesus Christ had been preached, and was worshipped, in Germany, France, Spain, and Great-Britain, in Parthia, Media, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Phrygia, Asia, and Pamphilia, in Italy, Egypt, Afric, and beyond Cyrene, India, and Persia, and, in short, in all the islands and provinces that are visited by the rising or setting sun. The same account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thousands of preachers, and believed in thousands of places, who all, as fast as it could be conveyed to them, received the same account in writing from the four Evangelists.

VII. Irenæus, to this purpose, very aptly remarks, that those barbarous nations, who, in his time, were not possessed of the written Gospels, and had only learned the history of our Saviour from those who had converted them to Christianity before the Gospels were written, had among them the same accounts of our Saviour, which are to be met with in the four Evangelists. An incontestable proof of the harmony and concurrence between the holy scripture and the

dition of the churches in those early times of Chris-
nity.

VIII. Thus we see what opportunities the learned
l inquisitive Heathens had of informing themselves
the truth of our Saviour's history, during the three
it centuries, especially as they lay nearer one than
other to the fountain head: beside which, there
re many uncontroverted traditions, records of
ristianity, and particular histories, that then threw
ht into these matters, but are now entirely lost, by
ich, at that time, any appearance of contradiction,
seeming difficulties, in the history of the Evan-
ists, were fully cleared up and explained: though
meet with fewer appearances of this nature in the
tory of our Saviour, as related by the four Evange-
s, than in the accounts of any other person, pub-
ied by such a number of different historians, who
ed at so great a distance from the present age.

IX. Among these records which are lost, and were
great use to the primitive Christians, is the Letter
Tiberius, which I have already mentioned; that of
arcus Aurelius, which I shall take notice of here-
er; the writings of Hegesippus, who had drawn
wn the history of Christianity to his own time,
ich was not beyond the middle of the second cen-
y; the genuine Sibylline oracles, which, in the first
es of the church, were easily distinguished from
e spurious: the records preserved in particular
urches, with many other of the same nature.

SECTION VII.

I. *The sight of miracles in those ages a farther confirmation of Pa philosophers in the Christian faith.*
II. *The credibility of such miracles.*
III. *A particular instance.*
IV. *Martyrdom, why considered as a standing miracle.*
V. *Primitive Christians thought many of the martyrs were supp by a miraculous power.*
VI. *Proved from the nature of their sufferings.*
VII. *How martyrs further induced the Pagans to embrace Christia*

I. THERE were other means, which I find ha great influence on the learned of the three first c turies, to create and confirm in them the belief of blessed Saviour's history, which ought not to be p ed over in silence. The first was, the opportu they enjoyed of examining those miracles, wh were, on several occasions, performed by Christi and appeared in the church, more or less, during th first ages of Christianity. These had great wei with the men I am now speaking of, who, from le ed Pagans, became fathers of the church; for t frequently boast of them in their writings, as atte tions given by God himself to the truth of their r gion.

II. At the same time, that these learned men clare how disingenuous, base and wicked it would how much beneath the dignity of philosophy, contrary to the precepts of Christianity, to utter fa hoods or forgeries in the support of a cause, tho never so just in itself, they confidently assert this raculous power, which then subsisted in the chu nay, tell us, that they themselves had been eye- nesses of it at several times, and in several instan nay, appeal to the Heathen themselves for the t

several facts they relate; nay, challenge them to be
sent at their assemblies, and satisfy themselves, if
y doubt of it; nay, we find that Pagan authors
e, in some instances, confessed this miraculous
ver.

II. The letter of Marcus Aurelius, whose army
s preserved by a refreshing shower, at the same
e that his enemies were discomfited by a storm of
ıtning, and which the Heathen historians them-
ves allow to have been supernatural, and the effect
nagic; I say, this letter, which ascribed this un-
ected assistance to the prayers of the Christians,
then served in the army, would have been thought
ınquestionable testimony of the miraculous pow-
. am speaking of, had it been still preserved. It
ufficient for me in this place to take notice, that
was one of those miracles which had its influ-
e on the learned converts, because it is related by
tullian, and the very letter appealed to. When
se learned men saw sickness and frenzy cured,
dead raised, the oracles put to silence, the de-
ıs and evil spirits forced to confess themselves no
s, by persons who only made use of prayer and
ırations in the name of their crucified Saviour;
could they doubt of their Saviour's power on
like occasions, as represented to them by the tra-
ons of the church, and the writings of the Evan-
ists?

V. Under this head, I cannot omit that which ap-
rs to me a standing miracle in the three first cen-
es, I mean that amazing and supernatural courage
patience, which was shown by innumerable multi-
es of martyrs, in those slow and painful torments
: were inflicted on them. I cannot conceive a
ı placed in the burning iron chair at Lyons, amid

the insults and mockeries of a crowded amphitheatre, and still keeping his seat; or stretched upon a grate of iron, over coals of fire, and breathing out his soul among the exquisite sufferings of such a tedious execution, rather than renounce his religion, or blaspheme his Saviour. Such trials seem to me above the strength of human nature, and able to overbear duty, reason, faith, conviction, nay, and the most absolute certainty of a future state. Humanity, unassisted in an extraordinary manner, must have shaken off the present pressure, and have delivered itself out of such a dreadful distress, by any means that could have been suggested to it. We can easily imagine, that many persons, in so good a cause, might have laid down their lives at the gibbet, the stake, or the block: but to expire leisurely among the most exquisite tortures, when they might come out of them, even by a mental reservation, or an hypocrisy, which was not without a possibility of being followed by repentance and forgiveness, has something in it so far beyond the force and natural strength of mortals, that one cannot but think there was some miraculous power to support the sufferer.

V. We find the church of Smyrna, in that admirable letter which gives an account of the death of Polycarp, their beloved bishop, mentioning the cruel torments of other early martyrs for Christianity, are of opinion, that our Saviour stood by them in a vision, and personally conversed with them, to give them strength and comfort during the bitterness of their long-continued agonies; and we have the story of a young man, who, having suffered many tortures, escaped with life, and told his fellow Christians, that the pain of them had been rendered tolerable, by the presence of an angel who stood by him, and wiped

off the tears and sweat, which ran down his face whilst he lay under his sufferings. We are assured at least, that the first martyr for Christianity was encouraged, in his last moments, by a vision of that Divine Person for whom he suffered, and into whose presence he was then hastening.

VI. Let any man calmly lay his hand upon his heart, and, after reading these terrible conflicts in which the ancient martyrs and confessors were engaged, when they passed through such new inventions and varieties of pain, as tired their tormentors; and ask himself, however zealous and sincere he is in his religion, whether, under such acute and lingering tortures, he could still have held fast his integrity, and have professed his faith to the last, without a supernatural assistance of some kind or other. For my part, when I consider that it was not an unaccountable obstinacy in a single man, or in any particular set of men, in some extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each sex, of every age, of different countries and conditions, who, for near 300 years together, made this glorious confession of their faith, in the midst of tortures, and in the hour of death: I must conclude, that they were either of another make than men are at present, or that they had such miraculous supports as were peculiar to those times of Christianity, when, without them, the very name of it might have been extinguished.

VII. It is certain, that the deaths and sufferings of the primitive Christians had a great share in the conversion of those learned Pagans, who lived in the ages of persecution, which, with some intervals and abatements, lasted near 300 years after our Saviour. Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Arnobius, and

others, tell us, that this first of all alarmed their cu riosity, roused their attention, and made them seri ously inquisitive into the nature of that religio which could endue the mind with so much strength and overcome the fear of death, nay, raise an earnes desire of it, though it appeared in all its terror This they found had not been effected by all the doc trines of those philosophers, whom they had tho roughly studied, and who had been labouring at thi great point. The sight of these dying and torment ed martyrs engaged them to search into the histor and doctrines of him for whom they suffered. Th more they searched, the more they were convinced; till their conviction grew so strong, that they them selves embraced the same truths, and either actually laid down their lives, or were always in a readines to do it, rather than depart from them.

SECTION VIII.

I. *The completion of our Saviour's prophecies confirmed Pagans in their belief of the Gospel.*

II. *Origen's observation on that of his disciples being brought befor Kings and Governors;*

III. *On their being persecuted for their religion;*

IV. *On their preaching the Gospel to all nations;*

V. *On the destruction of Jerusalem, and ruin of the Jewish economy.*

VI. *These arguments strengthened by what has happened since Origen's time.*

I. THE second of those extraordinary means, o great use to the learned and inquisitive Pagans o the three first centuries, for evincing the truth of th history of our Saviour, was the completion of sucl prophecies as are recorded of him in the Evange

lists. They could not indeed form any arguments from what he foretold, and was fulfilled during his life, because both the prophecy and the completion were over before they were published by the Evangelists; though, as Origen observes, what end could there be in forging some of these predictions, as that of St. Peter's denying his master, and all his disciples forsaking him in the greatest extremity, which reflects so much shame on the great apostle, and on all his companions? Nothing but a strict adherence to truth, and to matters of fact, could have prompted the Evangelists to relate a circumstance so disadvantageous to their own reputation; as that father has well observed.

II. But to pursue his reflections on this subject. There are predictions of our Saviour recorded by the Evangelists, which were not completed till after their deaths, and had no likelihood of being so, when they were pronounced by our blessed Saviour. Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that they should be brought before governors and kings for his sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles, Mat. x. 28. with the other like prophecies, by which he foretold that his disciples were to be persecuted. Is there any other doctrine in the world, says this father, whose followers are punished? Can the enemies of Christ say, that he knew his opinions were false and impious, and that therefore he might well conjecture and foretel what would be the treatment of those persons who should embrace them? Supposing his doctrines were really such, why should this be the consequence? what likelihood that men should be brought before kings and governors, for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the Epicureans, who absolutely denied

a Providence; nor to the Peripatetics themselves, who laughed at the prayers and sacrifices which were made to the Divinity? Are there any but the Christians, who, according to this prediction of our Saviour, being brought before kings and governors for his sake, are pressed to their latest gasp of breath by their respective judges, to renounce Christianity, and to procure their liberty and rest, by offering the same sacrifices, and taking the same oaths that others did?

III. Consider the time when our Saviour pronounced those words, Mat. x. 32. "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father which is in heaven: but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Had you heard him speak after this manner, when as yet his disciples were under no such trials, you would certainly have said within yourself, if these speeches of Jesus are true, and if, according to his prediction, governors and kings undertake to ruin and destroy those who shall profess themselves his disciples, we will believe (not only that he is a prophet, but) that he has received power from God sufficient to preserve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in such a peremptory and discouraging manner, were he not assured that he was able to subdue the most powerful opposition that could be made against the faith and doctrine which he taught.

IV. Who is not struck with admiration, when he represents to himself our Saviour at that time foretelling, that his Gospel should be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, or as Origen (who rather quotes the sense than the words) to serve for a conviction to kings and people, when, at

the same time, he finds that his Gospel has accordingly been preached to Greeks and Barbarians, to the learned and to the ignorant, and that there is no quality or condition of life able to exempt men from submitting to the doctrine of Christ? "As for us," says this great author, in another part of his book against Celsus, "when we see every day those events exactly accomplished which our Saviour foretold at so great a distance: that his Gospel is preached in all the world, Matthew xxiv. 14: that his disciples go and teach all nations, Matthew xxviii. 19: and that those who have received his doctrine, are brought, for his sake, before governors, and before kings, Matthew x. 18: we are filled with admiration, and our faith in him is confirmed more and more. What clearer and stronger proofs can Celsus ask for the truth of what he spoke?"

V. Origen insists, likewise, with great strength, on that wonderful prediction of our Saviour, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, pronounced at a time, as he observes, when there was no likelihood nor appearance of it. This has been taken notice of and inculcated by so many others, that I shall refer you to what this father has said on the subject in the first book against Celsus. And as to the accomplishment of this remarkable prophecy, shall only observe, that whoever reads the account given us by Josephus, without knowing his character, and compares it with what our Saviour foretold, would think the historian had been a Christian, and that he had nothing else in view but to adjust the event to the prediction.

VI. I cannot quit this head without taking notice, that Origen would still have triumphed more in the foregoing arguments, had he lived an age longer, to

have seen the Roman emperors, and all their go
nors and provinces, submitting themselves to
Christian religion, and glorying in its professior
so many kings and sovereigns still place their rela
to Christ at the head of their titles.

How much greater confirmation of his faith w
he have received, had he seen our Saviour's pro
cy stand good in the destruction of the temple,
the dissolution of the Jewish economy, when J
and Pagans united all their endeavours, under Ju
the apostate, to baffle and falsify the prediction? '
great preparations that were made for rebuilding
temple, with the hurricane, earthquake, and crupt
of fire, that destroyed the work, and terrified tl
employed in the attempt from proceeding in it,
related by many historians of the same age, and
substance of the story testified by both Pagan
Jewish writers, as Ammianus Marcellinus, and Z
math-David. The learned Chrysostom, in a sern
against the Jews, tells them this fact was then fi
in the memories even of their young men, that it l
pened but twenty years ago, and that it was atte
by all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, where they m
still see the marks of it in the rubbish of that w
from which the Jews desisted in so great a fri
and which even Julian had not the courage to c
on. This fact, which is in itself so miraculous,
so indisputable, brought over many of the Jew
Christianity; and shows us, that after our Savio
prophecy against it, the temple could not be pres
ed from the plough passing over it, by all the c
of Titus, who would fain have prevented its destr
tion; and that, instead of being re-edified by Jul
all his endeavours towards it did but still more lite

:complish our Saviour's prediction, that not one
e should be left upon another.

he ancient Christians were so entirely persuaded
he force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the
ishment which the Jews had drawn upon them-
es and upon their children, for the treatment
:h the Messiah had received at their hands, that
· did not doubt but they would always remain an
ıdoned and dispersed people, a hissing and an
nishment among the nations, as they are to this

In short, that they had lost the peculiarity of
ıg God's people, which was now transferred to the
y of Christians, and which preserved the church of
ist among all the conflicts, difficulties and perse-
ons, in which it was engaged, as it had preserved
Jewish government and economy for so many
s, whilst it had the same truth and vital principle
, notwithstanding it was so frequently in danger
ıeing utterly abolished and destroyed. Origen,
ıis fourth book against Celsus, mentioning their
ıg cast out of Jerusalem, the place to which their
ship was annexed, deprived of their temple and
rifice, their religious rites and solemnities, and
tered over the face of the earth, ventures to as-
: them with a face of confidence, that they would
er be re-established, since they had committed
. horrid crime against the Saviour of the world.
s was a bold assertion in the good man, who knew
· this people had been so wonderfully re-estab-
ed in former times, when they were almost swal-
ed up, and in the most desperate state of desola-
, as in their deliverance out of the Babylonish
tivity, and the oppressions of Antiochus Epiph-
s. Nay, he knew that within less than a hundred
rs before his own time, the Jews had made such a

powerful effort for their re-establishment under Barchocab, in the reign of Adrian, as shook the whole Roman empire. But he founded his opinion on a sure word of prophecy, and on the punishment they had so justly incurred; and we find, by a long experience of 1500 years, that he was not mistaken, nay, that his opinion gathers strength daily, since the Jews are now at a greater distance from any probability of such a re-establishment, than they were when Origen wrote.

SECTION IX.

I. *The lives of primitive Christians, another means of bringing learned Pagans into their religion.*
II. *The change and reformation of their manners.*
III. *This looked upon as supernatural by the learned Pagans.*
IV. *And strengthened the accounts given of our Saviour's life and history.*
V. *The Jewish prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the Heathens' belief.*
VI. *Pursued:*
VII. *Pursued.*

I. THERE was one other means enjoyed by the learned Pagans of the three first centuries, for satisfying them in the truth of our Saviour's history, which I might have flung under one of the foregoing heads; but as it is so shining a particular, and does so much honour to our religion, I shall make a distinct article of it, and only consider it with regard to the subject I am upon: I mean the lives and manners of those holy men, who believed in Christ during the first ages of Christianity. I should be thought to advance a paradox, should I affirm that there were more Christians in the world during those times of persecution, than there are at present in these which

we call the flourishing times of Christianity. But this will be found an indisputable truth, if we form our calculation upon the opinions which prevailed in those days, that every one who lives in the habitual practice of any voluntary sin, actually cuts himself off from the benefits and profession of Christianity, and whatever he may call himself, is in reality no Christian, nor ought to be esteemed as such.

II. In the times we are now surveying, the Christian religion showed its full force and efficacy on the minds of men, and by many examples demonstrated what great and generous souls it was capable of producing. It exalted and refined its proselytes to a very high degree of perfection, and set them far above the pleasures, and even the pains, of this life. It strengthened the infirmity, and broke the fierceness of human nature. It lifted up the minds of the ignorant to the knowledge and worship of him that made them, and inspired the vicious with a rational devotion, a strict purity of heart, and an unbounded love to their fellow creatures. In proportion as it spread through the world, it seemed to change mankind into another species of beings. No sooner was a convert initiated into it, but by an easy figure he became a new man and both acted and looked upon himself as one regenerated and born a second time into another state of existence.

III. It is not my business to be more particular in the accounts of primitive Christianity, which have been exhibited so well by others, but rather to observe that the Pagan converts, of whom I am now speaking, mention this great reformation of those who had been the greatest sinners, with that sudden and surprising change which it made in the lives of the most profligate, as having something in it super-

natural, miraculous and more than human. Origen represents this power in the Christian religion, as no less wonderful than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleansing the leper. Many others represent it in the same light, and looked upon it as an argument that there was a certain divinity in that religion, which showed itself in such strange and glorious effects.

IV. This therefore was a great means not only of recommending Christianity to honest and learned Heathens, but of confirming them in the belief of our Saviour's history, when they saw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themselves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that spirit which he had promised to send among his disciples.

V. But I find no argument made a stronger impression on the minds of these eminent Pagan converts, for strengthening their faith in the history of our Saviour, than the predictions relating to him in those old prophetic writings, which were deposited among the hands of the greatest enemies to Christianity, and owned by them to have been extant many ages before his appearance. The learned Heathen converts were astonished to see the whole history of their Saviour's life, published before he was born, and to find that the Evangelists and Prophets, in their accounts of the Messiah, differed only in point of time, the one foretelling what should happen to him, and the other describing those very particulars as what had actually happened. This our Saviour himself was pleased to make use of as the strongest argument of his being the promised Messiah, and without it would hardly have reconciled his disciples to the ignominy of his death, as in that remarkable passage which mentions his conversation with the two disci-

ples, on the day of his resurrection. St. Luke, chap. xxiv. verse 13, to the end.

VI. The Heathen converts, after having travelled through all human learning, and fortified their minds with the knowledge of all arts and sciences, were particularly qualified to examine these prophecies with great care and impartiality, and without prejudice or prepossession. If the Jews, on the one side, put an unnatural interpretation on these prophecies, to evade the force of them in their controversies with the Christians; or if the Christians, on the other side, over-strained several passages in their applications of them, as it often happens among men of the best understanding, when their minds are heated with any consideration that bears a more than ordinary weight with it; the learned Heathens may be looked upon as neuters in the matter, when all these prophecies were new to them, and their education had left the interpretation of them free and indifferent. Besides, these learned men among the primitive Christians, knew how the Jews, who had preceded our Saviour, interpreted these predictions, and the several marks by which they acknowledged the Messiah would be discovered, and how those of the Jewish doctors who succeeded him, had deviated from the interpretations and doctrines of their forefathers, on purpose to stifle their own conviction.

VII. This set of arguments had therefore an invincible force with those Pagan philosophers who became Christians, as we find in most of their writings. They could not disbelieve our Saviour's history, which so exactly agreed with every thing that had been written of him many ages before his birth, nor doubt of those circumstances being fulfilled in him, which could not be true of any person that lived in the world besides

himself. This wrought the greatest confusion in unbelieving Jews, and the greatest conviction in Gentiles, who every where speak with astonishm of these truths they met with in this new magaz of learning which was opened to them, and carry point so far as to think, whatever excellent doctr they had met with among Pagan writers, had b stole from their conversation with the Jews, or fr the perusal of these writings which they had in th custody.

AN

ESSAY

ON

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

AN

ESSAY

ON

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

'IRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced ree new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which copied after three of the greatest masters of eece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed the advantage over him in Pastoral and Heroics, : I think all are unanimous in giving him the pre-lence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it he sweetness and rusticity of a Pastoral cannot be vell expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, en rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dia-:; nor can the majesty of a heroic poem any where ear so well as in this language, which has a natu-greatness in it, and can be often rendered more p and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. t in the middle style, where the writers in both gues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has ex-led all who have written in the same way with 1.

'here has been abundance of criticism spent on rgil's Pastorals and Æneïds; but the Georgics are ubject which none of the critics have sufficiently ten into their consideration, most of them passing over in silence, or casting it under the same head th Pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless

we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in Pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules, therefore, that relate to Pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader, whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras—or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius—or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description. "A Georgic, therefore, is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and

embellishments of poetry." Now, since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other by a natural, unforced method, and show themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he

would communicate to us, the other singles out most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so veys the whole in a more diverting manner to understanding. I shall give one instance out multitude of this nature that might be found in Georgics, where the reader may see the diffe ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, how much pleasanter every manner of expressio than the plain and direct mention of it would h been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tell what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
———Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes,
Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
———Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad Cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effect this union between trees of different kinds, and notice of that effect which had the most surprise, by consequence the most delight in it, to express capacity that was in them of being thus united. way of writing is every where much in use among poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without gi us a full and open view of it, to let us see jus much as will naturally lead the imagination into the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully verting to the understanding, thus to receive a cept, that enters as it were through a by-way, an apprehend an idea that draws a whole train afte for here the mind, which is always delighted wit own discoveries, only takes the hint from the p

seems to work out the rest by the strength of her
ı faculties.

ıut since the inculcating precept upon precept will
ength prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets
h no entertainment, the poet must take care not to
umber his poem with too much business, but
netimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflec-
n, or let it rest awhile for the sake of a pleasant
l pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run
t into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is
nerally thought) unless they are brought in aptly,
d are something of a piece with the main design of
: Georgic : for they ought to have a remote alliance,
least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be
ore uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We
ould never quite lose sight of the country, though
: are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect
it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the
ginal of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of
ountry life, and the like, which are not brought in
force, but naturally rise out of the principal argu-
nt and design of the poem. I know no one di-
ession in the Georgics that may seem to contradict
s observation, besides that in the latter end of the
st book, where the poet launches out into a dis-
ırse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of
ıgustus : but it is worth while to consider how ad-
rably he has turned the course of his narration into
proper channel, and made his husbandman con-
rned even in what relates to the battle, in those ini-
itable lines,

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila :
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

> ——————*Non ullus aratro*
> *Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:*
> *Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.*

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and, indeed, this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought, in particular, to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing, which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore*, but *sydere*, in his first verse; and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics: where we receive more strong and lively

eas of things from his words, than we could have me from the objects themselves; and find our imanations more affected by his descriptions, than they ould have been by the very sight of what he dcribes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consir the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have et with in this kind of poetry, which may give us me further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. o begin with Hesiod: if we may guess at his characr from his writings, he had much more of the husndman than the poet in his temper: he was wonrfully grave, discreet, and frugal; he lived altogeer in the country, and was probably, for his great udence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. hese principles of good husbandry ran through his orks, and directed him to the choice of tillage and erchandise, for the subject of that which is the most elebrated of them. He is every where bent on inruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does ot stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. lis method in describing month after month, with its roper seasons and employments, is too grave and imple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of he poem, and makes the whole look but like a mocrn almanac in verse. The reader is carried through course of weather, and may beforehand guess whcher he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunhine, in the next description. His descriptions, inleed, have abundance of nature in them; but, then, t is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when e speaks of January: 'The wild beasts,' says he, run shivering through the woods, with their heads tooping to the ground, and their tails clapped beween their legs: the goats and oxen are almost flayed

with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, b cause they have a thick coat of wool about them. Tl old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather, b the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at hom with their mothers by a warm fire-side.' Thus do the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical d scription. Nor has he shown more of art or judg ment in the precepts he has given us, which are sow so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, an are often so minute and full of circumstances, th they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after al we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch a Georgic: where we may still discover somethin venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if w would see the design enlarged, the figures reforme the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finishe we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and plan ing into two books, which Hesiod has despatched i half one; but has so raised the natural rudeness an simplicity of his subject with such a significancy expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflection that if we look on both poets together, we see in on the plainness of a downright countryman, and in th other, something of a rustic majesty, like that of Roman dictator at the plough tail. He delivers th meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, h breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with a air of gracefulness. His prognostications of th weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may se how judiciously he has picked out those that ar most proper for his husbandman's observation; hov

he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has, indeed, as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description; for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it:

———O quis me gelidis sub montibus Haemi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot race. The force of love is represented in noble instances and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And, as in his Æneïs, he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneïs; and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was, indeed, very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should, in the next place, endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's life-time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod. *Nudus ara, sere nudus*—— And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure

Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and, indeed, the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and ploughing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellaneous Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneïs, indeed, is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneïs has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO

MR. DRYDEN.

V long, great poet, shall thy sacred lays
:e our wonder, and transcend our praise?
ither injuries of time, nor age,
thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
hill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
: and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
›man genius in its last decays.
ailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
cond youth is kindled in thy breast;
ıak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
ıgland boasts of riches not her own;
ıes have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
›race wonders at himself in thee.
:achest Persius to inform our isle
›ther numbers, and a clearer style;
.venal, instructed in thy page,
his satire, and improves his rage.

Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still out-shines the bright original.
  Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the wo
  O mayst thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness, interrupt thy song:
Then may we wond'ring read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold;
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon,
June 2, 1693.

The Author's age 22.

A

POEM

TO

HIS MAJESTY.*

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

* King William. Printed in the year 1695. The author's age 24.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels and by Nassau's sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,

Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
  A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
  Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the tow'ring muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
  And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in WILLIAM's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.
  The race of Nassaus was by heav'n design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.

ur British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
areless of fame, and negligent of arms,
ad long forgot to meditate the foe,
nd heard unwarn'd the martial trumpet blow;
ut now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
heir swords they brandish, and require the fight,
enew their ancient conquests on the main,
nd act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
r'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
ith Gallic corps, and Cressy swam in blood,
ith eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
ho first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
vain the thronging enemy by force
ould clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
hey break through all, for William leads the way,
here fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
amur's late terrors and destruction show,
hat William, warm'd with just revenge, can do;
here once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
heir gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
n undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
nd all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
romote the common welfare of mankind;
o wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
he cries of orphans, and the widow's tears.
ppprest religion gives the first alarms,
nd injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
lis conquests freedom to the world afford,
nd nations bless the labours of his sword.
Thus, when the forming muse would copy forth
perfect pattern of heroic worth,
he sets a man triumphant in the field,
'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,

Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
  Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horror hear the British engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind.
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fi
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'
  Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coa
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
  Where'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.
  At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, ceas
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has ras'd
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,

; have made, and cease an impious war,
e the lives intrusted to thy care.
nilder thought can calm thy mind,
ıe great avenger of mankind,
ty Nassau through the battle ride,
thy subjects gasping by his side:
d the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
d he check the fury of his arm;
thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
kindles with becoming rage,
ntries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
ngth to ev'ry blow, and edge his sword.
ith what resistless force he falls
besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
roy, for Villeroy beheld
surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd;
ıt amazing strength the forts were won,
e whole pow'r of France stood looking on.
p not here: behold where Berkley stands,
utes his injur'd king's commands;
ıy coasts his bursting bombs he pours
ıg citadels, and falling tow'rs;
ıing streams of fire the air they streak,
destruction round them where they break;
s with long ascending flames are bright,
he sea reflects a quivering light.
Etna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke;
s of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
ten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
aches the remotest coast,
rs the Asiatic shore with dust.
es the sailor from the neighb'ring main
r Gallic towns and forts in vain;

No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood.
  Here Russel's actions should my muse require;
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse:
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
  But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames disperst on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse,
Ormond, the theme of every Oxford muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the councils of the common foe;

Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.
  But stop, my muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear.
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
  But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found;
But for awhile forget the trumpet's sound;
Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of dead encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground:
So crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings flow.

A

TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE

STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, to make the work divine.
First for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive,
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flow'rs;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey their tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores;
For this they hoard up glue, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch, or bird-lime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves most thinly on your work be strow'd;

But let no baleful yew tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire,
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——————————
When th' under world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the winds through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all black'ning from afar;
While shady coverts, and fresh streams they choose,
Milfoil and common honeysuckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:

t last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
hey rush together out, and join; the air
warms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
ll in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
/ith heaps of little corps the earth below;
s thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
r shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
o sense of danger can their kings control,
heir little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
ach obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
ill shameful flight secures the routed foe.
his hot dispute and all this mighty fray
little dust flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are settled in their hive,
ark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
le at home in ease and luxury,
he lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
) let the royal insect rule alone,
nd reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are diff'rent; one of better note
ll speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
ooks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
ut love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
hat scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
he people's looks are different as their king's;
ome sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings:
thers look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
ike a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
rows dry with heat, and spits a mawkish froth.
he first are best——————————
rom their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
ure luscious sweets, that, mingling in the glass,
orrect the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.

But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd
comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind,
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse them in their neighbouring soil,
Set fruit trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge the shady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd show what art the gard'ner's toils require,
Why rosy Pæstum blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
With what a cheerful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted
grass;
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle trees that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow
bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drench'd the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;

But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board:
The Spring did first his op'ning roses blow,
First rip'ning Autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tend'rest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and ling'ring western breeze:
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard drest,
As many blossoms as the spring should show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And spreading plane trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
But these, for want of room, I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
  Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.
  Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;

Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Through fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its gluey base;
Some educate the young or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempest rise.
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt complete;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall,
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;

Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under. 197
Thus, if great things we may with small com,
The busy swarms their diff 'rent labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows' spoils.
On lavender and saffron buds they feed,
On bending osiers and the balmy reed;
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.
All work together, all together rest,
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their diff 'rent tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
Again, when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighb'ring spring;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.
But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;

Nor stray, li' will Hymen's softer joys approve,
But know waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.
  But often in their journeys as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital dat
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reig
  No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.
  Some from such instances as these have taught
" The bees' extract is heav'nly; for they thought
The universe alive; and that a soul,
Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,

To all the vast unbounded frame was giv'n,
And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the
deep of heav'n;
That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life that again flows into this at last.
That no compounded animal could die,
But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."
Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.
Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;
And once when hast'ning from the wat'ry sign,
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.
When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes;
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dry'd roses, thyme, and cent'ry join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Psythian vine,
Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves:
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in wat'ry mazes flows.

plenty of its roots, and boil them well
ne, and heap them up before the cell.
t if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
ise new people, and recruit the hive,
re the great experiment declare,
spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
ees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
warms amidst the red corruption bred.
where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
h'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
swiftly down the swarthy Indians soil,
o seven it multiplies its stream,
tens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
last practice all their hope remains,
ng experience justifies their pains.
then a close contracted space of ground,
traiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
w shelving light is next assign'd
he quarters, one to every wind;
h these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
hey lead a bull that's young and fierce.
wo years growth of horn he proudly shows,
kes the comely terrors of his brows:
e and mouth, the avenues of breath,
uzzle up, and beat his limbs to death;
olence to life and stifling pain
s and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
avy blows fall thick on ev'ry side,
bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
ead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
anches, thyme, and cassia, strew'd around.
is done when first the western breeze
the year, and smooths the troubled seas;

Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest,
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.
  Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cæsar, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A

SONG

FOR

ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims,
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou singst thy God, teach us to sing of thee;
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the bass.

Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The list'ning savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious hearts inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'r.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:

Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day,
To music and Cecilia.
et no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
or rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
or mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue;
'hilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL,

April 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days, to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd

Through pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then, a mighty genius, wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light;
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise:

Blest man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
  But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks;
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see, he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.
Oh, had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.
  But now my muse a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;

:ourtly Waller next commands thy lays:
, turn thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
: tender airs and lovely dames inspire
ıelting thoughts, and propagate desire;
ıg shall Waller's strains our passion move,
ıacharissa's beauties kindle love.
erse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
ake the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
erse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
ompliment the storms that bore him hence.
d thy muse not come an age too soon,
en great Nassau on the British throne!
ad his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
arm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
ıcenes of death and horror had we view'd,
ɔw had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Maria's charms thou would'st rehearse,
other numbers and a softer verse;
:n had well describ'd her graceful air,
loriana would have seem'd more fair.
must Roscommon pass neglected by,
ıakes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
vhose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
st of critics and of poets too.
'enham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
ıee where artful Dryden next appears,
old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
'eetest numbers and the fittest words.
er in comic sounds or tragic airs
ms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
e or heroic strains she writes,
ro pleases, and her satire bites.

From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
Now Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practice them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

ETTER FROM ITALY.

LETTERA SCRITTA D'ITALIA,

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO CONTE HALIFAX

Dal Signore Giuseppe Addison, l'Anno MDCCI. In Versi I

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI †.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

Virg.

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre villesche attra
E di Britannia dagli ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a suoi ingrati figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vostro ozio immolate;
Me in esteri regni il fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce stagion, e'l vaga climo
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turbi.
Ovunque io giri miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare visti inalzansi,
Attornianmi poetiche champagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;
Si sovente ivi musa accorda l'arpa,
Che non cantato nium colle sorgevi,
Celebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce,
E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.

† By the Abbot Anton. Maria Salvini, Greek Professor
rence.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRG.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

Come mi giova a cercar poggi, e boschi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso
Tracciar Clitunno chiaro in sua sorgente,
Veder condur sua schiera d' acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa,
E d' Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo.
Di mille estasi accesso io sopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
De fiumi re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della meta di loro umore asciuga:
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L'abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.
Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giaccionsi in silenzio, e obblio perduti,
(Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene,)
Pur, per senno di muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.
Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge
D'una gretta urna, e sterile sorgente;
Pur suona ei nelle bocche de poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio, e al Nil far scorno;
Cosi musa immortale in alto il leva.
Tal' era il Boyne povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservata in suoi giri scherzava.
Quando per vostri versi, e per le spada
Di Nasso, rinomato, l'onde sue
Levate in alto pel mondo risuonano

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source;
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,

Ovunque dello eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andra fama d'immortal verso.
Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro!
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a quel l' Italia.
Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonmi,
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola si ne schivano la costa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Maledicon la fredda regione,
E nell' aria del norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gusti, e piu esaltati odori.
Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
Ricco profumo, peste erbette olezzano.
Portimi un dio di Baia a i gentil seggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d' Umbria traggami,
Ove i ponenti eterna han residenza.
Tutte stagioni lor pompa profondono,
Germogli, e frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
E in gaia confusion sta l'anno tutto.
Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
Combatton nell cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l'esaltate
Bellezze giu giacersi io ne discuopro,
Magnificenti in moli di ruine.
D' anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
Di terror mi riempie, e di diletto,
Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
Dispopolava, e nazzioni intere
Agiatamente in suo grembo capia.
Passanvi i ciel colonne aspre d' intaglio,
Di trionfo superbi archi la sorgono,
U de prischi Roman l' immortal' opre

Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh, could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unmumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:

Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro tralignata stirpe.
Qui tutti i fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.
Sempre a novelle scene mia vagante
Musa si si ritragge, e muta ammira
L'alto spettacol d'animate rupi,
Ove mostro scalpel tutta sua forza,
Ed in carne addolci scabroso sasso.
In solenne silenzio, in maestade
Eroi stannosi, e dei, e Roman consoli:
Torvi tiranni in crudelta famosi,
E imperadori in Pario marmo accigliansi;
Mentre dame brillanti, a cui non umile
Servitu stan soggetti, ognora monstrano
I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.
Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l'arte divina, e far vedere
Gl'immortali lavori nel mio verso.
La ve da mista forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion sorge a mia vista,
Tai celesti figure escon da suo
Pennello, e i mesticati suoi colori
Caldi di vita cosi ne sfavillano,
Di soggetto in soggetto, d'un segreto
Piacer preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la soave varieta perduto.
Mio strabilito spirto qua confondono
Arie vezzose in circolanti note
Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
Cupole, e templi s' alzan la in distanti
Vedute, ed in palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la musa.
Come indulgente cielo adorno mai
La fortunata terra, e sovra quella

Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels
flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land.
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!

Verso benedizioni a piena mano!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e solleggiate rive
Con tutti don, che cielo, e suol compartono,
I risi di natura, e i vezzi d'arte,
Mentre alticri oppression regna in sue valli,
E tirannia suoi pian felici usurpa?
Il poverello abitante mira indarno
Il rosseggiante arancio, e 'l pingue grano,
Crescer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,
E de mirti odorar l'ombra si sdegna.
In mezzo alla bonta della natura
Maledetto languisce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la sete.
O Liberta, o dea celeste, e bella!
Di ben profusa, e pregna di diletto!
Piaceri eterni te presente regnano,
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta dovizia,
Vien nel suo peso Suggezion piu lieve;
Poverta sembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di natura il viso oscuro gaio;
Doni al sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.
Te dea, te la Britannia isola adora,
Come ha sovente elle ogni ben suo esausto,
E spesso t'ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno pensa il tuo possente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo esser comprato.
Puo sopra esteri monti il sole i grappoli
Per dolce sugo maturare a vino:
Di boschi di cedrati ornare il suolo,
Gonfiar la grassa oliva in flutti d'olio;
Non invidiamo il piu fervente clima
Dell' etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate,

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright!
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores:
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
For at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:

Corona Liberta la Britann' isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.

Le torreggianti moli altrui dilettino,
E le superbe ambiziose cupole,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od insegnar sassi animati a vivere.
D'Europa sul destin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli emuli stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi regi;
Degli afflitti vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Sueco attaccati in fiere allarme
Di lor armi pietose benedicono
La prudente condotta, e 'l buon governo,
Tosto che poi le nostre flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in pace
Tutto il settentrional mondo si giace.
L'ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Tremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il gran tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini figli
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesa.
Ma aquistare, o dividere in van provasi,
Cui l'arme di Nasso, e 'l senno guida.
Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo
Remoti climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in piu ardita prova.
Ma io di gia hovi turbato assai,
Ne tentar oso un piu sublime canto.
Piu dolce thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli eroi: che i carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o vostri onorar debbono.

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile.
Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
For dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
nd lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A

TRANSLATION OF A STORY

OUT OF

THE THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke.
'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus,
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep low'ring o'er our heads

ıg imminent, that with impervious gloom
ıos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
l shaded all beneath. But now the sun
th orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
m earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
ıen looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
: ghastly visage of a man unknown,
uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
iction's foul and terrible dismay
in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
:h marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
:ted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
[e first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
jans and Trojan arms, in mid career
ıt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd:
soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
:ipitant, and thus with piteous cries
ears assail'd: 'By heav'n's eternal fires,
:v'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
his good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
bear me hence to any distant shore,
may shun this savage race accurst.
true I fought among the Greeks that late
h sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy.
laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
which, if so the sad offence deserves,
ıg'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
:lm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd.'
e ended here, and now profuse of tears
ıppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet;
bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
hises too, with friendly aspect mild,

Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity:
When thus encourag'd, he began his tale.
'I am one,' says he, 'of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke them on the grundsel edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood;
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects:
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charg'd
With purple wine and crudled gore confus'd;
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,

Scoop'd out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays:
Fly, mortals, fly this curst, detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen them as they pass'd,
Skulking and scow'ring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd!
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd.

But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, through many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd: Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.
  Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
  So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at a distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

THE

CAMPAIGN,

A POEM;

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——————Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

CLAUD. DE LAUD. STILIC

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. LIV. HIST. lib. 33

THE

CAMPAIGN.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
  The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennine's in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereigns' fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;

Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far,
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue overrul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:

Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh! what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their last.

But hold, my Muse, may no complaints ap
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlbro' lives, Britannia's stars dis
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery s
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succee
Those he supports, these drives to sudden
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, fc
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foe
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fat
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen dem
Conquest and peace from thy victorious h
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they ga
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yi
And see their camp with British legions fil
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swel
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring win
The trembling peasant sees his country ro
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drow

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flig
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a figh
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbro's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind emb
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgra

To Donawert, with unresisting force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies, and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all thy gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own?
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance roused the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turn,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn.

To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake;
The list'ning soldier, fix'd in sorrow, stands,
Loath to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir d in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array,
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.

No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.
But, O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts, and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:

Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,

r pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
he hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh who can name
'he pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
'hat, with mix'd tumult, in thy bosom swell'd,
Vhen first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
'hine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
'hok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept:
'he chief, the father, and the captive wept.
In English muse is touch'd with gen'rous wo,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
'he fatal field by such great leaders won;
'he field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fell,
'he marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
'heir raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes and Augsburg's walls
'he distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls,
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
'he rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulm th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword:
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:

dire impressions in his heart remain
Iarlbro's sword and Hocstet's fatal plain;
in Britannia's mighty chief besets
r shady coverts and obscure retreats;
· fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
bears the force of armies in his name.
ıstria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
tres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
ıse boasted ancestry so high extends
in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
es from afar, in gratitude to own
great supporter of his father's throne:
:t tides of glory to his bosom ran,
p'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
ee such fire with so much sweetness mixt.
ı easy greatness, such a graceful port,
ırn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
:hilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
Nereus shone but in the second place;
ɜ the great father of almighty Rome
inely flush'd with an immortal bloom,
: Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
l the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
ıe royal youth; by Marlbro's presence charm'd,
ght by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
.andau with redoubled fury falls,
harges all his thunder on its walls,
mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
British chief for mighty toils renown'd,
eas'd in titles and with conquests crown'd,
Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
the long windings of the Rhine pursues,

Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbro' presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of ANNA's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst, in diffusive show'rs, her bounties fall
Like heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;

may descend in factions from the skies,
ivers from their oozy beds arise;
n may deck the truth with spurious rays,
ound the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
ro's exploits appear divinely bright,
roudly shine in their own native light;
l of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
hose who paint them truest praise them most.

ROSAMOND.

AN OPERA.

INSCRIBED

TO HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit. VIRG. ÆN. 6.

Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No farther could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrook fram'd and Marlbro' rais'd the dome.
Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves;
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great,
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.
Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song a humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars to hail the god of verse and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

ROSAMOND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

KING HENRY.
SIR TRUSTY, Keeper of the Bower.
PAGE.
MESSENGER.

WOMEN.

QUEEN ELINOR.
ROSAMOND.
GRIDELINE, Wife to Sir Trusty.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE, WOODSTOCK PARK.

ROSAMOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Prospect of Woodstock Park, terminating in the Bower.

Enter Queen and Page.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Crystal floods,
With wild variety surprise.
"*As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost."

*Alluding to the famous Echo in Woodstock Park.

PAGE.

There gentle Rosamond immur'd
Lives from the world and you secur'd.

QUEEN.

Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy—— [*Asi*

PAGE.

There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.

QUEEN.

Death and confusion! I'm too slow— [*Asi*
Show me the happy mansion, show—

PAGE.

Great Henry there——

QUEEN.

Trifler, no more!——

PAGE.

——Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

QUEEN.

No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely, guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.

PAGE.

"Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round."

QUEEN.

In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.

PAGE.

The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

QUEEN.

Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither, dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fire
The faithless lord of my desire?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
"I feel, I feel my heart relent,
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave."

PAGE.

Hark, hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
"He comes, victorious Henry comes!
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes, and drums,

In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind."

QUEEN.

Henry returns, from danger free!
Henry returns! — but not to me.
He comes his Rosamond to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows to Eleonora due.
Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain,)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
"No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a queen."

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

SIR TRUSTY, *Knight of the Bower*, so.

"How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beat
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our du
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;

Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

Grideline and Sir Trusty.

GRIDELINE.

Faithless varlet, art thou there?

SIR TRUSTY.

My love, my dove, my charming fair!

GRIDELINE.

Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.

SIR TRUSTY.

Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?

GRIDELINE.

Cheat not me with false caresses.

SIR TRUSTY.

Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.

GRIDELINE.

Those to fair Rosamond are due.

SIR TRUSTY.

She is not half so fair as you.

GRIDELINE.

She views thee with a lover's eye.

SIR TRUSTY.

I'll still be thine, and let her die.

GRIDELINE.

No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!

SIR TRUSTY.

" O Grideline! consult thy glass,
Behold that sweet bewitching face,

Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true."

GRIDELINE.

" O how blest were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Trusty mine!
Did he not cover amorous wiles
With soft, but, ah! deceiving smiles:
How should I revel in delight,
The spouse of such a peerless knight!

SIR TRUSTY.

At length the storm begins to cease,
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannise: [Aside.
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
Tigress, be gone.

GRIDELINE.

———I love thee so
I cannot go.

SIR TRUSTY.

Fly from my passion, beldame, fly!

GRIDELINE.

Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?

SIR TRUSTY.

Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE.

I'm a foolish, fond wife.

SIR TRUSTY.

Let us part.
Let us part.

GRIDELINE.

Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?

SIR TRUSTY.

vill if I can.

GRIDELINE.

barbarous man!
om whence doth all this passion flow?

SIR TRUSTY.

Thou art ugly and old,
ıd a villanous scold."

GRIDELINE.

Thou art a rustic to call me so.
n not ugly nor old,
or a villanous scold,
ıt thou art a rustic to call me so.
hou traitor, adieu!

SIR TRUSTY.

Farewell, thou shrew!

GRIDELINE.

Thou traitor,

SIR TRUSTY.

Thou shrew,

BOTH.

Adieu! adieu! [*Exit Grid.*

SIR TRUSTY, *solus.*

How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils
And family broils
all our great labours miscarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond's bower,
With the clew in his power,

And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty king Harry.
But see, the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

Rosamond and Sir Trusty.

ROSAMOND.

From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love.
Impatient for my lord's return,
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.
" Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?"

SIR TRUSTY.

What heart of stone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps so doleful join!

ROSAMOND.

does my constant grief deface
pleasures of this happy place?
in the spring my senses greets
l her colours, all her sweets;
To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost its scent:
vernal blooms of various hue,
blossoms fresh with morning dew,
breeze that sweeps these fragrant bow'rs,
with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
ture's softest, sweetest store)
rm my tortur'd soul no more.
e powers, I rave, I faint, I die;
y so slow! great Henry, why?
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
to my arms, my monarch, fly!"

SIR TRUSTY.

v much more blest would lovers be,
all the whining fools agree
live like Grideline and me! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

osamond, behold too late,
tremble at thy future fate!
se this unhappy, guilty face,
ry charm, and every grace,
t to thy ruin made their way,
l led thine innocence astray:

At home thou seest thy queen enrag'd,
Abroad thy absent lord engag'd,
In wars that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

SIR TRUSTY.

Such cold complaints befit a nun:
If she turns honest, I'm undone! [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND.

"Beneath some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring streams,
And winds in concert joining,
Raise sadly-pleasing dreams." [*Exit.*

SIR TRUSTY, *solus.*

What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
But, hah! a sound my bower invades, [*Trump.*
And echoes through the winding shades;
'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
A messenger! it must be so.

SCENE V.

Messenger and Sir Trusty.

MESSENGER.

Great Henry comes! with love opprest;
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,

ɜnry comes! Prepare thy bower
: the mighty conqueror.

SIR TRUSTY.

er and lady both are drest,
ly to receive their guest.

MESSENGER.

ıe victor flies (his queen
l progeny unseen);
:he British shores he reach'd,
is foaming courser stretch'd:
! his eager steps prevent
sage that himself hath sent!

SIR TRUSTY.

: will stand
hat in hand,
ɜquiously to meet him,
ust endeavour at behaviour,
t's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

· *Henry after a flourish of trumpets.*

KING.

ı my love! my Rosamond?

SIR TRUSTY.

in strictest duty bound,
ıs your royal hand.

KING.

ı my life! my Rosamond?

SIR TRUSTY.

h submission most profound,
ɜlcome you to land.

KING.

s the tender, charming fair?

SIR TRUSTY.

Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.

KING.

Where is my love, O tell me where?

SIR TRUSTY.

For when we have a prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.

KING.

These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love! O tell me where?

SIR TRUSTY.

I speak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.

KING.

What dost thou say? I shake with fear.

SIR TRUSTY.

Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

KING.

"Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!
I'm all desire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace."

SIR TRUSTY.

At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you choose
For first interviews?

KING.

Full in the centre of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The party-colour'd gay alcove.

SIR TRUSTY.

Your highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

KING.

Mean while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-sick jealousy appear;
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.

"O the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thoughts surprising!
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing,
Joys ensuing!
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish!"

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

King and Rosamond.

KING.

THUS let my weary soul forget
  Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
  And gilded cares of life.

ROSAMOND.

Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
  Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
  And life-consuming fires.

KING.

Not the loud British shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strew'd,
Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.

ROSAMOND.

My Henry is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.

KING.

may the present bliss endure,
om fortune, time, and death secure!

BOTH.

) may the present bliss endure!"

KING.

y eye could ever gaze, my ear
ose gentle sounds could ever hear:
ıt oh! with noon-day heats opprest,
y aching temples call for rest!
yon cool grotto's artful night
efreshing slumbers I'll invite,
hen seek again my absent fair,
ith all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit King.*

ROSAMOND, *sola.*

om whence this sad presaging fear,
his sudden sigh, this falling tear?
ft in my silent dreams by night
With such a look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
nd lost in endless tracts of light;
Vhile I, abandon'd and forlorn,
o dark and dismal deserts borne,
hrough lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
long, uncomfortable way.
"They're phantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endless joys in store.
Farewell sorrow, farewell fear,
They're phantoms all! my Henry's here."

SCENE II.

A Postern gate of the Bower.

Grideline and Page.

GRIDELINE.

My stomach swells with secret spite,
To see my fickle, faithless knight,
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a mere girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE.

Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?

GRIDELINE.

He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe-strings ty'
A new Toledo by his side
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd

PAGE.

If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is false, the nymph subdu'd.

GRIDELINE.

My anxious boding heart divines
His falsehood by a thousand signs;
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish Echo talks;
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;

Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.

PAGE.

Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart——

GRIDELINE.

And he has charms.

PAGE.

Your fears are too just——

GRIDELINE.

——Too plainly I've prov'd

BOTH.

"He loves and is lov'd."

GRIDELINE.

"O merciless fate!

PAGE.

"Deplorable state!

GRIDELINE.

"To die——

PAGE.

"To be slain

GRIDELINE.

"By a barbarous swain,

BOTH.

"That laughs at your pain."

GRIDELINE.

How should I act? canst thou advise?

PAGE.

Open the gate, if you are wise;
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch them dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep Sir Trusty innocent.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a pa

PAGE.

I'll do what I can
To surprise the false man.

GRIDELINE.

Of such a faithful spy I've need†:
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this
I'll pay thy service with a kiss. [E

GRIDELINE *sola.*

"Prithee, Cupid, no more
Hurl thy dart at threescore,
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Trusty and me
From thy frolics be free. [E

SCENE III.

PAGE *solus.*

O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dies:
Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;
Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.

† An opening scene discovers another view of the how

"A thousand fairy scenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a stream,
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!"

SCENE IV.

Queen and Page.

QUEEN.

At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thousand checks my heart control,
A thousand terrors shake my soul.

PAGE.

Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
——She's fix'd in thought, I am not heard—
[*Apart.*

QUEEN.

I see, I see my hands imbru'd
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging, dying lord,
And, oh! I see myself abhorr'd!

PAGE.

My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's queen lament. [*Aside.*

QUEEN.

What shall my trembling soul pursue?

PAGE.

Behold, great queen, the place in view!

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!

PAGE.

That bow'r will show
The guilty foe.

QUEEN.

—It is decreed—it shall be so; [*After a p*
" I cannot see my lord repine
(O that I could call him mine!)
Why have not they most charms to move,
Whose bosoms burn with purest love!"

PAGE.

Her heart with rage and fondness glows.
O jealousy thou hell of woes! [*A*
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains;
In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossom'd arbours rise.

QUEEN.

Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.
" Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heaven in pity send relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'r's remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear?
Ease my soul, or strike me dead!' [*Ex*

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *sola.*

"Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!"

A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!
—Death to my eyes; what sight is this!
The queen, th' offended queen I see;
—Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the Queen with a Bowl in one hand, and a Dagger in the other.

QUEEN.

Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by this, or this, shall end.

ROSAMOND.

What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd majesty?

QUEEN.

'Tis guilt that does thy tongue control.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.

ROSAMOND.

Can Britain's queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from Britain's queen!

QUEEN.

How black does my design appear?
Was ever mercy so severe? [A

ROSAMOND.

"When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!"

QUEEN.

To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.

ROSAMOND.

Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?

"Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with love-sick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on yourself, and pity me!"

QUEEN.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!
[*Offering the dagger to her b*
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

ROSAMOND.

O queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

QUEEN.

They flow in vain.

ROSAMOND.

Look with compassion on my fate!
O hear my sighs!

QUEEN.

They rise too late,
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

ROSAMOND.

Though I live wretched, let me live!
In some deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

QUEEN.

"Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage." [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND.

What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance?

QUEEN.

Thou shalt die.
[*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Give me but one short moment's stay.
—O Henry! why so far away? [*Aside.*

QUEEN.

Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.
[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs how pity rends my soul! [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.
O let me still for mercy call!
[*Falling on her knees.*
"Accept, great queen, like injur'd heaven,
The soul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the latest gasp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now."

QUEEN.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.
[*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow. [*Drinks*
—Whither, ah! whither shall I go!

QUEEN.

Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.

ROSAMOND.

Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.
"Think not, thou author of my wo,
That Rosamond will leave thee so:
At dead of night,
A glaring sprite,

With hideous screams
I'll haunt thy dreams,
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry shall revenge my cause."
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary springs of life stand still;
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more.

[*Falls on the couch.*

QUEEN.

Hear and observe your queen's commands.

[*To her attendants.*

Beneath those hills a convent stands,
Where the fam'd streams of Isis stray;
Thither the breathless corse convey,
And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnities prepare.

[*Exeunt with the body.*

"When vanquish'd foes beneath us lie
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to live!" [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

SIR TRUSTY *in a fright.*

A breathless corpse! what have I seen!
And follow'd by the jealous queen!
It must be she! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir Trusty live
To hear his master chide and grieve?

No! though I hate such bitter beer,
Fair Rosamond, I'll pledge thee here. [
The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing:
'Great Sir, [
'Your Rosamond is dead
'As I am at this present writing.'
"The bower turns round, my brain's ab
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance—I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm go
[*Staggers a*

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN *solo.*

The confli of my mind is o'er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more.
Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealousy, the rage of love.

"My Henry shall be mine alone,
The hero shall be all my own;
Nobler joys possess my heart
Than crowns and sceptres can impart."

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene a Grotto. Henry asleep, a cloud descends, in it two Angels, supposed to be the guardian Spirits of the British Kings in War and in Peace.

FIRST ANGEL.

BEHOLD th' unhappy monarch there
That claims our tutelary care!

SECOND ANGEL.

In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.

FIRST ANGEL.

In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.

SECOND ANGEL.

When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving falchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

FIRST ANGEL.

When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

BOTH.

But oh! what influence can remove
The pangs of grief and rage of love!

SECOND ANGEL.

I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
Till love before ambition fly.

FIRST ANGEL.

I'll smooth his cares in pleasing dreams,
Till grief in joyful raptures die.

SECOND ANGEL.

"Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy's fields the Gauls shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise."

FIRST ANGEL.

See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.

BOTH.

Glory strives!
The field is won!
Fame revives,
And love is gone.

FIRST ANGEL.

To calm thy grief and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,
Thy bower shall be!
When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruins grace
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending!*
Columns swelling, arches bending,

* Scene changes to the Plan of Blenheim Castle.

Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprising,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

SECOND ANGEL.

He sees, he sees the great reward
For Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

FIRST ANGEL.

"Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead,

SECOND ANGEL.

And grief may rage—

BOTH.

But both shall plead and rage in vain."

[*The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears.*

HENRY, *starting from the couch.*

Where have my ravish'd senses been!
What joys, what wonders, have I seen!
The scene yet stands before my eye,
A thousand glorious deeds that lie
In deep futurity obscure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day display'd,
My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a scheme,
My waking life appears a dream.

"Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,

Rosy brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!"

O Rosamond! O rising wo!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O Rosamond! O fair distress'd!
How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,
Its unrelenting purpose tell;
And take the long, the last farewell!
"Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer Love will ask them all." [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to that part of the Bower where Sir Trusty lies upon the ground, with the bowl and dagger on the table.

ENTER QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his love or bear his rage.

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
ast thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
ndless torments dwell about thee:
et who would live, and live without thee!"

But oh the sight my soul alarms:
My lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I banish'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I must retire.
[*Retires to the end of the stage.*]

SCENE III.

King and Queen.

KING.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,
With secret horror dost thou shake?
Can dreams such dire impressions make!
What means this solemn, silent show?
This pomp of death, this scene of wo!
Support me, heav'n! what's this I read?
Oh horror! *Rosamond is dead.*
What shall I say, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:
From thought to thought my soul is tost,
And in the whirl of passion lost.
Why did I not in battle fall,
Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul?
Why did the spear my bosom miss?
Ye powers, was I reserv'd for this!

"Distracted with wo
I'll rush on the foe
To seek my relief:
The sword or the dart
Shall pierce my sad heart,
And finish my grief!"

QUEEN.

Fain would my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [Aside

KING.

But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.

QUEEN.

Why do I here my lord receive?

KING.

Is this the welcome that you give?

QUEEN.

Thus should divided lovers meet?

BOTH.

"And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!"

QUEEN.

What, in these guilty shades, could you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

KING.

Cruel woman, what could you?

QUEEN.

Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

KING.

The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

QUEEN.

"A heart so unrepenting,

KING.

" A rage so unrelenting,

BOTH.

" Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest."

KING.

Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas! is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!

So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose."

QUEEN.

How is his heart with anguish torn! [*Aside.*
My lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, could die.

KING.

The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain!

QUEEN.

Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Would not my former wrongs revive?

KING.

Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my last adieu.

QUEEN.

How am I blest if this be true!— [*Aside.*

KING.

And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!—

QUEEN.

Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.

"If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give."

KING.

O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does Rosamond live?

QUEEN.

The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes:
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choir:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.

KING.

How am I blest, if this be true!

QUEEN.

Atoning for herself and you.

KING.

I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:

For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul entice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

QUEEN.

How does my heart, for such a prize,
The vain censorious world despise!
Though distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall falsely mourn,
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart, for such a prize,
The vain censorious world despise!
But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive,
Believe your Rosamond alive.

KING.

O happy day! O pleasing view!
My queen forgives—

QUEEN.

My lord is true.

KING.

"No more I'll change,

QUEEN.

"No more I'll grieve:

BOTH.

"But ever thus united live."

SIR TRUSTY, *awaking*.

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one would swear it were the same.

My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er would bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

Grideline and Sir Trusty.

GRIDELINE.

Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?

SIR TRUSTY.

Widow Trusty, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou shouldst thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak and veil.

GRIDELINE.

Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why should not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?

SIR TRUSTY.

Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see,
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T' observe the mode and be in fashion.
Then let not Grideline the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.

GRIDELINE.

r plighted vows renew,
o courtly to be true.
ince conjugal passion
come into fashion,
iage so blest on the throne is,
e a Venus I'll shine,
fond and be fine,
'rusty shall be my Adonis."

SIR TRUSTY.

'Trusty shall be thy Adonis."

King and Queen advancing.

KING.

bidden joys would rove,
s the sweets of virtuous love?
ou source of chaste delights,
ays, and blissful nights,
untainted joys dispense,
ire join with innocence:
es last, and are secure
e grief and present fear.

BOTH.

orbidden joys would rove,
s the sweets of virtuous love?"

PROLOGUE

TO THE

TENDER HUSBAND.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

IN the first rise and infancy of Farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
  But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux.
Rough country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town, and beat about the Park:

* A comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.

all his most frequented haunts resort,
dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
ove of pleasure, or of place invites:
sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
owe'er, to do you right, the present age,
eds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
t scorn the paths their dull forefather's trod,
wo'n't be blockheads in the common road.
out survey this crowded house to-night:——
e's still encouragement for those that write.
ur author, to divert his friends to-day,
ks with variety of fools his play;
l that there may be something gay and new,
ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
first a damsel, travell'd in romance;
t'other more refin'd; she comes from France:
cue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
l kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

HEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing wo,
ers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
ile list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
soft musician in a moving shade.

* A Dramatic Poem written by the Lord Lansdown.

That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgress'd)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the Metropolis of an Empire, having closeted several Senators on the project i is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
le to ill, and obstinately just,
: rude rabble's insolence despise,
enseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
ant's fierceness he beguiles,
: stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
:h superior greatness smiles.
he rough whirlwind, that deforms
black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
bborn virtue of his soul can move;
red arm of angry Jove,
ıgs the thunder from the sky,
es it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
d the whole frame of nature round him break
and confusion hurl'd,
oncern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
ıd secure amidst a falling world.
were the godlike arts that led
Pollux to the blest abodes;
l for great Alcides plead,
n'd a place among the gods;
now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
ıis lips the nectar bowl applies:
dy lips the purple tincture show,
h immortal strains divinely glow.
ts like these did young Lyæus rise:
rs drew him to the skies;

Wild from the desert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.
  Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke:
  Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The tow'ring pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her, and sink her to the dust.
  Since false Laömedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
  And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojan's shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.
  My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line;
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;

ıaff with the gods immortal wine,
ıd see adoring nations crowd his shrine:
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
ıd flourish on a foreign coast;
ıt far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
emov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
ay endless billows rise between, and storms unnum-
Still let the curst detested place, [ber'd roar.
/here Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
e cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
here let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
r, while the lonely shepherd sings,
midst the mighty ruins play,
ıd frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
ad solitary haunts, and silent deserts find;
ı gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
Iay th' unmolested lioness
Ier brinded whelps securely lay,
)r, couch'd in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
And the long train of victories pursue [spread,
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;

Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
  This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
  A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rase:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies' head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
  Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.
  But hold, my muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

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——————See, Marcia, see!
The happy Juba lives!——————

See page 172, vol. VI.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

OSEPH ADDISON,

TH THE EXCEPTION OF HIS NUMBERS OF THE

SPECTATOR.

COLLECTED

BY MR. TICKELL.

WITH A

COMPLETE INDEX.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the Sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in ev'ry face.
On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaëton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,

Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on:
The hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so."
"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies;
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My son," said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymene
Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight."
The youth transported, asks, without delay,
To guard the Sun's bright chariot for a day.

The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook;
"My son," says he, "some other proof require,
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality:
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heav'ns my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfall steeps the ev'ning stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a diff'rent course:
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;

While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is strung;
And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
Let not my son a fatal gift require,
But oh! in time, recall your rash desire:
You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
And learn a father from a father's care:
Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
Could you but look, you'd dread the father there.
Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies,
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift you ask;
You ask a real mischief, Phaëton:
Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son:
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."
Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gol

The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey;
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
"Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
Drive them not on directly through the skies,
But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,
Along the midmost zone; but sally forth,
Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.
For, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
Shun both extremes; the rest let Fortune guide,
And better for thee than thyself provide!

See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
He spoke in vain: the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heav'n before them lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th' unballast vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot tost on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in amaze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.

The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain
Thou would'st have fled, though cumber'd with thy wain.

Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is toss'd
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and, in despair,
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer.

What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright:
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold them tight.

Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.

Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear, he dropt the reins;
The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontrol'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Œte glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Apennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Lybia first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Derce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymone fails.
The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
Ev'n Tanaïs, though fix'd in ice, was lost.
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Meander, that unweary'd strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The Swans, that on Cayster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven-divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.

No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scattered Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapp'd her hand upon her brows, and said:
(But first impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat;)
"If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapp'd in clouds of smoke)
See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!

nd does the plough for this my body tear?
his the reward for all the fruits I bear,
'ortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
'hat herbs for cattle daily I renew,
nd food for man, and frankincense for you?
ut grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
f I nor he your pity can provoke,
See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to smoke!
Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
Destruction seizes on the heav'ns and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
If heav'n, and earth, and sea, together burn,
All must again into their chaos turn.
Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
And succour nature, ere it be too late."
She ceas'd; for chok'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.

The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments:
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's ev'ning from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
"Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he dy'd."
Apollo hid his face and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted ev'n, without a sun;
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymene, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevell'd, round the world she goes;

o seek where'er his body might be cast;
ill, on the borders of the Po, at last
he name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears:
he dear, dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
angs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
nd hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn,)
nd beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
nd call aloud for Phaëton in vain:
ll the long night their mournful watch they keep,
nd all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times revolving, the full moon return'd;
o long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
Vhen now the eldest, Phaëthusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
ampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breast, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd their mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves;
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
"Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;

Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mixt in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods made thicker by the sister's change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet:
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Mean while Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,

As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er since the birth of time," said he, "I've borne
A long ungrateful toil without return;
Let now some other manage, if he dare,
The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps but own too late,
My son deserv'd not so severe a fate."
The gods stand round him, as he mourns and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majestically mixing pray'rs and threats.
Prevail'd upon, at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on ev'ry diff'rent coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most;
Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heav'n's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.

But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke:
"How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here."
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
Well-pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
ıd, ere she half had told the morning chase,
'ith love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
nother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss;
is kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
or could Diana's shape conceal the god.
he virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
ure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
Vith all her might against his force she strove;
ut how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
lack to his heav'ns th' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert and refreshing streams

That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near;
Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Be gone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
"Be gone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain!"
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love:
But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
No longer shall their wonted force retain,
Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."
This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground.
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in pray'r;
Her arms grow shaggy and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.

ıd, lest the supplicating brute might reach
ne ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
er surly voice through a hoarse passage came
ı savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
'he fury monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatch'd them through the air
In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd them there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.
When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here, heav'n is no place for me.

You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
Usurp the heav'ns; you'll see them proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast:
This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Io's rape,
Restore th' adult'ress to her former shape;
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable pow'rs, be kind,
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."
The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told:
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,

Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated pray'rs prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd:
" Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
Be warn'd by my example: you discern
What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
My foolish honesty was all my crime;
Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of King Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to look
On what was hid within. I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Herse keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.

I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
But, for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her fav'rite chose the bird of night.
Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
As never by the heav'nly maid belov'd:
But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny:
For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
Was once a maid, (by heav'n the story's true)
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
A virgin goddess heard a virgin's pray'r.
For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
Lightly I trip, nor, weary as before,
Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore;
Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:

Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
Nyctimene, the owl, enjoys my place.
" On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."
The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curst the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been press'd.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd;
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah, cruel god! though I have justly di'd,
What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath;
The god dissolves in pity at her death.
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCH STONE.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood,)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whisper spoke:
"Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."
"Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cries out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join,
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
The peasant quick replies, "You'll find them ther
In yon dark vale;" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;

And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
fe to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
'hen to a Touchstone turns the faithless spy,
ınd in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
nd wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
ll the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
er yearly homage to Minerva paid;
ı canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
igh on their heads their mystic gifts they bore:
nd now, returning in a solemn train,
he troop of shining virgin's fill'd the plain.
The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
nd saw the bright procession pass below;
'hen veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
nd hover'd o'er them; as the spreading kite,
'hat smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
lies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
nd sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
o kept the god the virgin choir in view,
nd in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
r, as the full-orb'd Phœbe, Lucifer;
o much did Herse all the rest outvie,
nd gave a grace to the solemnity.
ermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
the cold bullet, that with fury flung
rom Balearic engines mounts on high,
lows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.

At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd iv'ry lin'd,
That richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Herse grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd,
And as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
"I come," reply'd the god, "from heav'n to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you:
I am the son and messenger of Jove,
My name is Mercury, my business love;
Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart."
She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed:
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;

·swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
ıeav'd the rising Ægis on her breast;
ought out Envy in her dark abode,
l with ropy gore and clots of blood:
:om the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
:ep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
l and cold, where not a beam of light
s the winter, or disturbs the night.
:ctly to the cave her course she steer'd;
ıt the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
ıtes flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
ɔrg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
ra loathing, turn'd away her eye;
deous monster, rising heavily,
ıtalking forward with a sullen pace,
ft her mangled offals on the place.
s she saw the goddess gay and bright,
:ch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
ınd meagre were her looks, her eye
. distorted glances, turn'd awry;
:d of gall her inward parts possess'd,
ɔread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
:eth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
gling drops, the stringy poison hung.
:ver smiles but when the wretched weep,
ılls her malice with a moment's sleep,
ss in spite: while watchful to destroy,
nes and sickens at another's joy;
herself, distressing and distress'd,
:ars her own tormentor in her breast.
oddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
:t command: "To Athens speed thy flight;

On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art,
And fix thy rankest venom in her heart."
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heav'n: the hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths
thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year laid wast
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that, set on fire,
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to Envy (for in ev'ry thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had pass'd:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd, in softest words, th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide op'ning to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,

From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will express'd:
" My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are through the world conve
Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
The neighb'ring hill, and drive them to the shore.
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighb'ring hill, and drove them to the shore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and express'd
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white Bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast,
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne,
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore:
Where now in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid;

Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

VHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
e sent his son to search on every coast;
nd sternly bid him to his arms restore
'he darling maid, or see his face no more,
ut live an exile in a foreign clime:
'hus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around;
ut how can Jove in his amours be found?
Vhen tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
'o shun his angry sire and native soil,
Ie goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
'here asks the god what new appointed home
hould end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
'he Delphic oracles this answer give:
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Jnworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
'here measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
n which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."
No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude:
Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;

And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great pow'r whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flow'ry Panope she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook;
When to the heav'ns her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.
  Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighb'ring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
  Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His tow'ring crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.

yrians drop their vessels in the fright,
e and trembling at the hideous sight.
ıbove spire uprear'd in air he stood,
ızing round him, overlook'd the wood :
loating on the ground, in circles roll'd ;
eap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
h a bulk and such a monstrous size,
:rpent in the polar circle lies,
tretches over half the northern skies.
n the Tyrians on their arms rely,
ı attempt to fight, in vain to fly :
eir endeavours and their hopes are vain ;
die entangled in the winding train ;
are devour'd ; or feel a loathsome death,
ı up with blasts of pestilential breath.
l now the scorching sun was mounted high,
its lustre, to the noon-day sky ;
ı, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
arch the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
n's hide around his loins he wore,
well pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
d to blood, the far destroying dart,
the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
on as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
aw his servants breathless on the grass ;
scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
ing at ease, and feasting in their blood.
ch friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date ;
Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
n heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
sent it in a whirlwind at the foe :
ower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
h all its lofty battlements had shook ;

But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a m ghty force
Bears down the forest in his boist'rous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak

his foe, and stops him in the rear;
ıis throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
th' extended neck a passage found,
rc'd the solid timber through the wound.
the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
:uge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
nt with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
lay twisting in the pangs of death.
us beheld him wallow in a flood
ıming poison, intermix'd with blood;
uddenly a speech was heard from high,
eech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
g man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
h'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
around with inward horror gaz'd:
'allas swift descending from the skies,
he guardian of the bold and wise,
n plough up the field, and scatter round
ıgon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
lls the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
led armies from the field should rise.
ıws the teeth at Pallas's command,
ıgs the future people from his hand.
ıds grow warm, and crumble where he sows,
w the pointed spears advance in rows;
ıdding plumes appear, and shining crests,
: broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
the field the breathing harvest swarms,
ing host, a crop of men and arms.
rough the parting stage a figure rears
· up, and limb by limb appears
degrees; till all the man arise,
his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpris'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbea
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood; and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would ha
guess'd
The royal founder in his exile bless'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.
Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;

f a fault, it was the fault of chance:
how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

: TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

ı a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
ll stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
:e did the huntsmen till the heat of day
sue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
ıen thus Actæon calling to the rest:
ly friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
: sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
burning beams directly on our heads;
:n by consent abstain from further spoils,
l off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
l ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
:e the cool morning to renew the chase."
:y all consent, and in a cheerful train
: jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
turn in triumph from the sultry plain.
Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
fresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
ıe chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
ll in the centre of the darksome wood
spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
'ith hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
:om out his rocky clefts the waters flow,
nd trickling swell into a lake below.
'ature had every where so play'd her part,
'hat every where she seem'd to vie with Art.
lere the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Vas wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did she now with all her train resort,
'anting with heat, and breathless from the sport;

Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undress'd the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round the goddess press'd:
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke:
"Tell, if thou can'st, the wondrous sight disclos'd,
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."
This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.

by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
v his branching horns and alter'd look,
hed Actæon! in a doleful tone
'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
ı he wept, within the wat'ry glass
r the big round drops, with silent pace,
ickling down a savage hairy face.
ıhould he do? Or seek his old abodes,
d among the deer, and sculk in woods?
hame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
ch by turns his aching heart assails.
ıe thus ponders, he behind him spies
ening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
ɜrous pack, or to maintain the chase,
ıff the vapour from the scented grass.
ɔounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
raggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
gh brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
gh many a ring, where once he did pursue.
ı he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
w misfortune, and to tell his name;
ıice, nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
ıhouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
ı'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd
ıt his heels, and sprung before the rest,
ıten'd on him, straight another pair
on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
l the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
he sad huntsman grov'ling on the ground,
ıow appear'd but one continu'd wound.
lropping ears his bitter fate he moans,
lls the mountain with his dying groans.
rvants, with a piteous look he spies,
ırns about his supplicating eyes.

His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game:
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker on.
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master, panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault:
Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:
"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
'Tis time I then pursue another course:
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;

: rightly styl'd among the powers above
'he wife and sister of the thund'ring Jove;
And none can sure a sister's right deny)
t is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
he boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
'regnant she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.
  Old Beroe's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well," says she, " if all be true that's said.
But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest, well-designing maid
Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,
In all the pomp of his divinity;
Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
  Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,

To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
" Fear not," replied the god, " that I'll refuse
Whate'er you ask: May Styx confirm my voice,
Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice
" Then," says the nymph, " when next you seek n
arms,
May you descend in those celestial charms,
With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
And fill with transport heav'ns immortal dame."
The god, surpris'd, would fain have stopp'd her voice
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.
To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain,
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate.
For the rough Cyclops, who, by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Enclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all its time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions pass'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire and the cares of state;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd)
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead, than what you females share."
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke,
But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
"And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,
That he who dares your slimy folds untie,
Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.
Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sov'reign umpire in their grand debate;

And he declared for Jove: when Juno, fir'd
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heav'n decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereïd got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a lovesick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The lovesick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chase,
The babbling Echo had descry'd his face;
She, who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,

'uno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
'ull often when the goddess might have caught
'ove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy crime
Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds and accents not her own.
This lovesick virgin overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When, glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy.
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;

When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
" Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answered to her pray'r.
  There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade:
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?

hy own warm blush within the water glows,
'ith thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
s empty being on thyself relies ;
:ep thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
lindless of sleep, and negligent of food ;
till view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
t length he rais'd his head, and thus began
'o vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
You trees," says he, " and thou surrounding grove,
Vho oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
'ell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I ?
, who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there ;
in such a maze of love my thoughts are lost ;
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace ;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair ? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
Whene'er I speak his moving lips appear
To utter something, which I cannot hear.

"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.
How gladly would I from myself remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warm with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.
And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
O might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd,
His tears defac'd the surface of the well
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
"Ah whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.

s wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
nd trickle into drops before the sun;
o melts the youth, and languishes away,
lis beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
ınd none of those attractive charms remain,
'o which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewell," says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd, "Farewell."
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naïads and the Driads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame
Through Greece, establish'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
"'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:

For the time comes, nay 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear;
Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
Then, then, remember what I now foretell,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill,
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacch
rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
" What madness, Thebans, has your soul possess'd
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus quell your courage ? can the weak alarm
Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could frig
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight ?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd on foreign earth your country gods;
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field ?
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flow'ry garlands and a painted face;
Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
The serpent for his well of waters di'd.
He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.

' Thebes must fall, oh ! might the Fates afford
. nobler doom from famine, fire or sword !
'hen might the Thebans perish with renown :
ut now a beardless victor sacks the town ;
Vhom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
Ior the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
lut the soft joys of luxury and ease,
'he purple vests and flow'ry garlands please.
tand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
lenounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me ;
I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane ;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain ;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats, the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide ;
But, if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god ;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke :
"Vile slave ! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base seditious crew :
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And, why thou join'st in these mad orgies, tell."

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies :
" From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acœtas is my name ;
My sire was meanly born ; no oxen plough'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
His whole estate within the waters lay ;
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
His art was all his livelihood ; which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me :
' In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance ;
There swims,' said he, ' thy whole inheritance.'
" Long did I live on this poor legacy ;
Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclin'd ;
Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind ;
Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
" Once, as by chance, for Delos I design'd,
My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
Moor'd in a Chian creek ; ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd ;
Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
:h heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
d saw divinity in all his face.
now not who, said I, this god should be;
it that he is a god I plainly see:
nd thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
hese men have us'd; and, oh! befriend our course!
ray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd,
ictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
nd down the ropes with active vigour slide.
'o the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
Vho overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke;
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
uch impious avarice their souls possess'd."
Nay, heav'n forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,'
'Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
From Tuscany to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands, in falling, grasp'd a cord.
"His base confederates the fact approve;
When Bacchus, for 'twas he, began to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd,
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:"
'What means this noise?' he cries; 'am I betray'd?
Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?'
'Fear not,' said Proreus, 'child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.'
'To Naxos then direct your course,' says he;
'Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me.'
"By every god, that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur'd villains promise to comply,

And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep;
And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about, and steer another way."
'Then let some other to my post succeed,'
Said I, 'I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.'
'What,' says Ethalion, 'must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour, and depend on you?'
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
"The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
And seem'd to weep, and, as he wept, he said:
'And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak, defenceless boy?'
"In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
And now, by all the gods in heav'n that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus's self, I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true:
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows, stood.
In vain the mariners would plough the main
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.
Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.

" The god we now behold with open'd eyes;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd overboard: first perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
Ah! what cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
With him I landed on the Chian shore,
And him shall ever gratefully adore."
" This foreign slave," says Pentheus, " would prevail
O'er our just fury, by a far-fetch'd tale:
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.

But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level, and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus, astonish'd, heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonoe," he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Actæon di'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:

His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this," she cry'd, "shall be Agave's share."
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore;
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

THE STORY

OF

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

HOW Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
  The Naïads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It show'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;

But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
"Fy, Salmacis, what, always idle! fy,
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And drest her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy features prove
A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:
But, oh! how blest! how more than blest thy bride,
Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.
If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me."

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd
shame,
He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,
You rude, uncivil nymph, or I'll begone."
"Fair stranger then," says she, "it shall be so;
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features, and his heav'nly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides, and leap'd into the flood,
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;

As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
" He's mine, he's all my own," the Naïad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipp'd, and kiss'd the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus unkind!
Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she press'd,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd:
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent gods, whose heav'nly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;

Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!
The heav'nly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

NOTES

ON

›ME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES

IN

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON, PAGE 7.

IE story of Phaëton is told with a greater air of :sty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It ndeed, the most important subject he treats of, :pt the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this ıe conflagration he hints at in the first book,

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret;

ıugh the learned apply those verses to the future ning of the world) for it fully answers that descrip- ı, if the

——Cœli miserere tui, circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus——

nat uterque polus——comes up to *correptaque ıa cœli*—Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare reader for a following story, by giving some inti- ıions of it in a foregoing one, which was more par- ılarly necessary to be done before he led us into so ınge a story as this he is now upon.

P. 7. l. 7.—*For in the portal*, &c.] We h here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

> ——————*Balænarumque prementem*
> *Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis.*

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

> ——————*Facies non omnibus una,*
> *Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororem.*

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and l daughters such a difference in their looks, as is na ral to different persons, and yet such a likeness showed their affinity.

> *Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,*
> *Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris.*

The less important figures are well huddled toget in the promiscuous description at the end, which v well represents what the painters call a *group*.

> ——————*Circum caput omne micantes*
> *Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.*

P. 8. l. 25.—*And flung the blaze*, &c.] It gi us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth forced to look on him at a distance, and not able approach him till he had laid aside the circle of r that cast such a glory about his head. And, inde we may every where observe in Ovid, that he ne fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wan in his words. And this I think infinitely better, t to have sublime expressions and mean thoug which is generally the true character of Claudian Statius. But this is not considered by them who down Ovid, in the gross, for a low middle wa writing. What can be more simple and unador than his description of Enceladus in the sixth bo

> *Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,*
> *Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,*

Læva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilybæo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
Ejec:at, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus.

t the image we have here is truly great and sub-
ıe, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and
ıving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon
ı breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.
There are few books that have had worse commen-
ıors on them than Ovid's Metamorphoses. Those
the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the
ythologies, and think they have appeared very judi-
ous, if they have shown us out of an old author that
vid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a
:rson into a wolf that ought to have been made a
ger. Others have employed themselves on what
ver entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a
ll moral to every story, and making the persons of
s poems to be only nick-names for such virtues or
ces; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander
oss, has dived deeper into our author's design than
y of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest
ysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost
every page some typical representation of the
orld, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers
ıve gone too deep, others have been wholly employ-
l in the surface, most of them serving only to help a
hool-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of
eir way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the au-
or, as they call them, which are generally the
aviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest
Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors
he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very
ell shown the meaning of the author, but seldom re-
ects on its beauties and imperfections; for, in most
laces, he rather acts the geographer than the critic,

and, instead of pointing out the fineness of a de
tion, only tells you in what part of the world the
is situated. I shall, therefore, only consider Ov
der the character of a poet, and endeavour to
him impartially, without the usual prejudice
translator; which I am the more willing to d
cause I believe such a comment would giv
reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment c
other poet would do; for in reflecting on the a
poets, men think they may venture to praise al
meet with in some, and scarce any thing in o
but Ovid is confessed to have a mixture of
kinds, to have something of the best and worst
and, by consequence, to be the fairest subject fo
ticism.

P. 9. l. 3.—*My son, says he*, &c.] Pho
speech is very nobly ushered in, with the *terqu*
terque concutiens illustre caput——and well
sents the danger and difficulty of the underta
but that which is its peculiar beauty, and ma
truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a
would to his young son:

> *Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri,*
> *Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,*
> *Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo*
> *Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.*

for one while he scares him with bugbears in th

> ——————*Vasti quoque rector Olympi,*
> *Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,*
> *Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?*
> *Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine pœna,*
> *Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaëton, pro munere poscis;*

and in other places perfectly tattles like a f
which, by the way, makes the length of the s
very natural, and concludes with all the fondnes
concern of a tender parent.

——Patrio pater esse metu probor; aspice vultus
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
Inserere, et patrias intùs deprendere curas! &c.

P. 10. l. 33.—*A golden axle*, &c.] Ovid has more rns and repetitions in his words than any of the tin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and tural in him. The repetition of *aureas*, and the nsition to *argenteus*, in the description of the ariot, give these verses a great sweetness and maity.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.

P. 11. l. 24.—*Drive them not on directly*, &c.] veral have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against : old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the irnal motion of the sun. The Dauphin's notes tell that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass rough all the signs he names in one day, but that he ikes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaëa from the undertaking. But though this may aner for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cant for what is said in this, where he is actually giv- g directions for his journey, and plainly

Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
Effugit australem, junctamque aquilonibus Arcton.

scribes the motion through all the zodiac.

P. 12. l. 5.—*And not my chariot*, &c.] Ovid's rse is *Consiliis non curribus utere nostris*. This ty of joining two such different ideas as chariot and unsel to the same verb, is mightily used by Ovid, t is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a xture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a ferent sense when it is joined with one of the things, m what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus,

darkness a little flattens the description.
oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.

Ibid. l. 33.——*Then the seven stars*, &c.
der none of Ovid's commentators have tak
of the oversight he has committed in th
where he makes the Triones grow warm be
was ever such a sign in the heavens; for h
in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calist
constellation, after he had repaired the
Phaëton had made in the world.

P. 14. l. 20.—*Athos and Tmolus*,] Ovid
after the way of the old poets, given us a
of the mountains and rivers which were bu
that I might not tire the English reader, I
out some of them that make no figure in th
tion, and inverted the order of the rest acc
the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 15. l. 11.—*'Twas then, they say, th
Moor*, &c.] This is the only metamorph
this long story, which, contrary to custom, i

; or, perhaps, into an eagle that still takes plea-
to gaze on it.

id. l. 32.—*The frighted Nile*, &c.] Ovid has
e a great many pleasent images towards the lat-
nd of this story. His verses on the Nile

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,

is noble as Virgil could have written; but then
ught not to have mentioned the channel of the
afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus Arenæ,

use the thought is too near to the other. The
ge of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

——Quos altum texerat æquor
Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent.

to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cayster,

——Medio volucres caluere Caystro,

that the dolphins durst not leap,

——Nec se super æquora curvi
Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,

itolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burn-
of the world.

'. 16. l. 19.—*The earth at length*, &c.] We have
peech of the Earth, which will doubtless seem
y unnatural to an English reader. It is, I believe,
boldest *prosopopœia* of any in the old poets; or
t were never so natural, I cannot but think she
aks too much in any reason for one in her condi-
i.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE, PAGE 37.

P. 38. l. 19.—*The dignity of empire, &c.*] T
story is prettily told, and very well brought ir
those two serious lines,

> *Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,*
> *Majestas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relicta, &c.*

without which the whole fable would have appe
very profane.

P. 39. l. 25.—*The frighted nymph looks,* &
This consternation and behaviour of Europa,

> ————*Elusam designat imagine tauri*
> *Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.*
> *Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,*
> *Et comites clamare suos, tactumque vereri*
> *Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas,*

is better described in Arachne's picture in the s
book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Ta
his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place.
is, indeed, usual among the Latin poets (who
more art and reflection than the Grecian) to t
hold of all opportunities to describe the pictur
any place or action, which they generally do be
than they could the place or action itself; becaus
the description of a picture you have a double s
ject before you, either to describe the picture it
or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK, PAGE

FAB. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of
Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of t
rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and e
different way of writing. Ovid, indeed, shows h
self most in a familiar story, where the chief grac

easy and natural; but wants neither strength of
ht nor expression, when he endeavours after it
more sublime and manly subjects of his poem.
present fable the serpent is terribly described,
s behaviour very well imagined, the actions of
parties in the encounter are natural, and the
ıge that represents them more strong and mas-
than what we usually meet with in this poet:
:e be any faults in the narration, they are these,
ɔs, which follow:

43. l. 4.—*Spire above spire, &c.*] Ovid, to
his serpent more terrible, and to raise the
:ter of his champion, has given too great a
to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds
ɔability. He tells us, that when he raised up
ılf his body he overlooked a tall forest of oaks,
ıat his whole body was as large as that of the
ıt in the skies. None but a madman would have
ed such a monster as this is described to be;
ın we have any notion of a mortal's standing
ıt him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas
d tremble at the sight of a far less formidable
here he gives us the description of Polyphemus
third book; he knew very well that a monster
ot a proper enemy for his hero to encounter:
ve should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing
the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if
ıs's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it
bable he would not have spared one of the whole
erhood.

——————*Phœnicas, sive illi tela parabant,*
Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat:——————

43. l. 11.—*In vain the Tyrians, &c.*] The
could not keep up his narration all along, in the

grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style: he has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

> ——————*Tegimen direpta leoni*
> *Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,*
> *Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni.*

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line! *Tristia sanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua.* And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it.

> *Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,*
> *Læsaque colla dabat retro, plagamque sedere*
> *Cedendo fecit, nec longius ire sinebat.*

P. 45. l. 24.—*And flings the future, &c.*] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid: it strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *messis virorum* at last.

Ibid. l. 29. —*The breathing harvest, &c.*] *Messis clypeata virorum.* The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only *messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata;* for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all the three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described.

: Latin poets are very full of it, especially the st of them, for the more correct use it but spa- ;ly, as, indeed, the nature of things will seldom rd a just occasion for it. When any thing we de- be has accidentally in it some quality that seems ıgnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and ommon in things of that species, such a com- nded image as we are now speaking of is made, urning this quality into an epithet of what we de- be. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of ıtal, with water in the midst of it for his subject, :s the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, ıy, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, ıerfect crystal; and thus sports off above a dozen ;rams, in setting his words and ideas at variance ıng one another. He has a great many beauties his nature in him, but he gives himself up so :h to this way of writing, that a man may easily w where to meet with them when he sees his sub- , and often strains so hard for them that he many es makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatu-

What work would he have made with Virgil's den Bough, had he been to describe it! We uld certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden ıuts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching l, and all the quarrels that could have been raised veen words of such different natures: when we Virgil contented with his *auri frondentis;* and t is the same, though much finer expressed— *ndescit virga metallo.* This composition of dif- nt ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, recircumstances are happily reconciled that seem lly foreign to each other; and is often found ng the Latin poets, (for the Greeks wanted art it) in their descriptions of pictures, images,

dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the l
where they bring together two such thwarting ic
by making one part of their descriptions relat
the representation, and the other to the thing th
represented. Of this nature is that verse, wl
perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; *Attollens hı
rie famamque et fata nepotum*, Æn. 8. where he
scribes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the rep
tion and fortunes of his posterity; which, th
very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, v
we consider how these disagreeing ideas are re
ciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made p
ble by being engraven on the shield. Thus, v
Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arac
work, where she had embroidered all the rapes tha
gods had committed, he says—*Rupit cælestia c
na*. I shall conclude this tedious reflection wit
excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Mont
Poem to the King; where he tells us how the
of France would have been celebrated by his
jects, if he had ever gained such an honou
wound as King William's at the fight of the Bo

> His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
> And *run* for ever *purple* in the looms.

FAB. II.

P. 46. l. 19.—*Here Cadmus reign'd.*] This
pretty solemn transition to the story of Act
which is all naturally told. The goddess, and
maids undressing her, are described with dive
circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion,
griefs, are passionately represented; but it is
the whole narration should be so carelessly cl
up.

——————Ut abesse queruntur,
Nec capere oblata regnem spectacula prædæ.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum.

. 49. l. 14.—*A generous pack*, &c.] I have not
s troubled myself to call over Actæon's pack of
s in rhyme: Spot and Whitefoot make but a
n figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names
d uses would sound a great deal worse. He
es up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on
uosque referre mora est—which, by the way, is
light and full of humour for the other serious
ts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names
heir poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but
e made them more pleasant than those they imi-
, by adapting so many delightful characters to
ir persons' names; in which part Ovid's copious-
s of invention, and great insight into nature, has
en him the precedence to all the poets that ever
ne before or after him. The smoothness of our
glish verse is too much lost by the repetition of
per names, which is otherwise very natural, and
solutely necessary in some cases; as before a bat-
, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation
the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that
e engaged. For, had Homer or Virgil only told
, in two or three lines before their fights, that there
re forty thousand of each side, our imagination
uld not possibly have been so affected, as when we
e every leader singled out, and every regiment in a
nner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 50. l. 26. *How Semele*, &c.] This is o Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is pı and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, act comparably well the parts of a resenting goddes: a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very maj figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is such a one as shows who drew it, for whp doe: plainly discoven Ovid's hand in the

Qua tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,
Tela Secunda vocant superi.——————

P. 51. l. 22. "*'Tis well,*" *says she*, &c.] V has made a Beroe of one of his goddesses ir fifth Æneïd; but if we compare the speech she t makes with that of her namesake in this story may find the genius of each poet discovering in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris coul have spoken more majestically in her own shape Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, tha goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 55. l. 19. *She can't begin*, &c.] If playin words be excusable in any poem, it is in this, w Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of that if it deserves excuse it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay of Human Unders ing, has given us the best account of wit, in s that can any where be met with. "Wit," say: "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting t together with quickness and variety, wherein ca

found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggerel rhymes; or whole words, as puns, echos, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another, of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When, in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them); from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and, as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame: when the sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but

if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, but calls his love a fire, and, by joining this circumstance to it, surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets, scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too!

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
——Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet,
Atque oculos idem qui decipit in citat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos——
Uror amore mei, flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Sty-

in waters. The design was very bold, of making a y fall in love with himself here on earth; but to ture him with the same passion after death, and t to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel d uncharitable.

P. 56. l. 15. *But whilst within*, &c.] *Dumque ita sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, it I think the measure of pun in it outweighs the se wit; for, if we express the thought in other rds, the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narssus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it Eve, though I think her surprise at the sight of r own face in the water far more just and natural an this of Narcissus. She was a raw, unexpericed being, just created, and therefore might easily subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the ater-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed converant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 57. l. 10. "*You trees,*" *says he*, &c.] Ovid is ery justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of is poem. They have generally abundance of nature n them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he an draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before e come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same me be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, *Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lachryma subito excrescit, et difficile est auditorem vel lectorem in summo*

animi affectu diu tenere. Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—*Inopem me copia fecit?* Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

> *O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!*
> *Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.*

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 60. l. 14. *When Pentheus thus.*] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of Pentheus, but I believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans' courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the Dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

> *Este, precor, memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,*
> *Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,*
> *Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque*
> *Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.*
> *Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles*
> *Et patrium revocate Decus.*————

FAB. VIII.

The story of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors'

rs and manners. But the short speeches scat-
and down in it, which make the Latin very
cannot appear so well in our language, which
more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore
as so many rubs in the story, that are still
the narration out of its proper course. The
mation at the latter end is wonderfully beau-

FAB. IX.

has two very good similes on Pentheus, where
ares him to a river in a former story, and to
rse in the present.

CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE,

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.

SEN. DE DIVIN. PROV

ERSES TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

ILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
ato with an equal virtue draw;
envy is itself in wonder lost,
ictions strive who shall applaud you most;
e the fond ambition of a friend,
iopes himself, not you, to recommend,
oin th' applause which all the learn'd bestow,
e, to whom a perfect work they owe.
ı * light scenes I once inscrib'd your name;
npotently strove to borrow fame:
will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
e then live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

GH Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
ribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
gh Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;

* Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.
On Tiber's banks thy thought was first inspir'd;
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.
'Tis done—the hero lives and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakspeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and wond'ring view
His fav'rite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sybils' books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was seen enroll'd,
'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
His annual race shall through the zodiac run,
An isle remote his monument shall rear,
And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

J. HUGHES.

r do we see! is Cato then become
ater name in Britain than in Rome?
mankind now admire his virtues more,
gh Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
will posterity this truth explain?
o begins to live in Anna's reign:"
world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
in your lines with more exalted charms;
rious deeds in distant nations wrought,
virtues by departed heroes taught,
: in your soul a pure immortal flame,
n your life, and consecrate your fame;
our renown all ages you subdue,
Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Souls College, Oxon.

---

nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
raise the thoughts of a degenerate age,
how how endless joys from freedom spring,
' life in bondage is a worthless thing.
inborn greatness of your soul we view,
tread the paths frequented by the few.
h so much strength you write, and so much ease,
ue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
crowds the sentiments of every line
artial clapp'd, and own'd the work divine.
the sour critics, who malicious came,
er to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
ing the hero regularly rise,
it while he lives, but greater when he dies,
en approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.

Not so the fair their passions' secret kept,
Silent they heard, but, as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming Marcus di'd,
And Cato told the gods, I'm satisfy'd.
  See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Catos heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
  How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft enchanting strains,
From *blooming mountains*, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in English dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlb'rough was your daring song;
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless rapture here the muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.

Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd muse you shine confess'd,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Though unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Though nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
The libertine, in pleasures us'd to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and, by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains?
When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket and provoke the fight.
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how 'the stream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?'
While hurricanes 'in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,'
We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve,
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.

But I in vain on single features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel,
So the rich store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wand'ring eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here sapphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

L. EUSDEN

Trinity College, Cambridge.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mix'd with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings, venerably great;

poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
onscious virtue, and becoming pride.
ıged oak thus rears his head in air,
exhausted, and his branches bare;
storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
eep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
ed boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
old trunk projects an awful shade.
lst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
:riots sadden at his glorious woes,
they let the world's great bus'ness wait,
s for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
ught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
itons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
states and senates well might lend an ear,
ıgs and priests without a blush appear.
:e boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
st pays homage to her rival's stage,
to learn thee, and learning shall submit
British arms, and British wit:
e she'll wonder (forc'd to do us right)
ink like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
dly triumphs in a son like thee.
ıates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
l acquaintance at their native home,
we find: each deed, each word express'd,
ry thought that swell'd a Roman breast.
:e each hint that could thy soul inspire
irgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
w thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
ıt admire, because we know thee most.

THO. TICKELL.

College, Oxon.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbru'd;
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That ev'n my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife
Of honour struggling with the love of life?
Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and heav'n the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
And rushes out of life, to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Jubas in the British youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death.
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolve to perish or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's theatre we see,
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now express'd,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her heav'n, she shines.

DIGBY COTES.

All Souls College, Oxon.

Left with the Printer by an unknown Hand.

w we may speak, since Cato speaks no more;
, praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
.en crowded theatres with Ios rung
t to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
:n civil rage a while in thine was lost;
l factions strove but to applaud thee most:
· could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
every night was dearer than the last.
ıs when old Rome, in a malignant hour,
ɔriv'd of some returning conqueror,
r debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
· fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
l, while his godlike figure mov'd along,
ernate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
ırs flow'd from ev'ry eye, and shouts from ev'ry
tongue.
in thy pompous lines has Cato far'd,
ıc'd with an ample, though a late, reward:
;reater victor we in him revere;
ıobler triumph crowns his image here.
Vith wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
heme, so scanty, wrought into a play:
vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
e Ammon's temple rear'd on Lybia's waste:
ıold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
nice proportions! and stupendous height!
w chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
Roman worthy of a Grecian stage!
ıut where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
lin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
ı firmest patriot and the gentlest friend!

How great his genius, when the traitor crowd,
Ready to strike the blow, their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and, list'ning to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove,
The cure of slavish life and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.
O! sacred freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften wo;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure;
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.

had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
er senate, and upheld her laws;
y scenes had liberty restor'd,
the just success to Cato's sword:
r's arms your genius had prevail'd;
use triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
  Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

CATO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATO, ...	MR. BOOTH.
LUCIUS, a Senator, ...	MR. KEEN.
SEMPRONIUS, a Senator, . . .	MR. MILLS.
JUBA, Prince of Numidia, . . .	MR. WILKS.
SYPHAX, General of the Numidians,	MR. CIBBER.
PORTIUS, } Sons of Cato,	MR. POWELL.
MARCUS, } Sons of Cato,	MR. RYAN.
DECIUS, Ambassador from Cæsar,	MR. BOWMAN.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

MARCIA, Daughter to Cato,	MRS. OLDFIELD.
LUCIA, Daughter to Lucius,	MRS. PORTER.

SCENE, a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

CATO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome——Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

MARCUS.

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!——I see
Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field

Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
Oh Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? but what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar!
Pent up in Utica he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul. Our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;

ur understanding traces them in vain,
ost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
'or sees with how much art the windings run,
for where the regular confusion ends.

MARCUS.

'hese are suggestions of a mind at ease;
)h Portius! didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind——

PORTIUS.

Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

MARCUS.

Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse;
I feel it here: my resolution melts——

PORTIUS.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,

And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her.
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

MARCUS.

Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It strait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

PORTIUS.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilst I speak——Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

PORTIUS.

O Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

ou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
rdon a weak distemper'd soul that swells
ith sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
ie sport of passions:——but Sempronius comes:
s must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Sempronius, Portius.

SEMPRONIUS.

onspiracies no sooner should be form'd
'han executed. What means Portius here?
like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
nd speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,

And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my Portius!
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

PORTIUS.

Alas! Sempronius, wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou mightst as well court the pale trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS.

The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius!
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

PORTIUS.

Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour——I'll strait away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears, their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

[*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS *solus.*

Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious!——but I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt

ıd eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
ıd every moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
s daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
:sides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
re bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
ıat show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
o Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
claim in my reward his captive daughter.
ut Syphax comes!

SCENE III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

SYPHAX.

Sempronius, all is ready,
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Even whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou knowest not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,

Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

SYPHAX.

Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues:——but I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPHAX.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct gray hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

nore be sure to try thy skill on Juba,
while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
e the mutiny, and underhand
ıp their discontents, till they break out
:'d for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
nber, Syphax, we must work in haste;
ı what anxious moments pass between
rth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
is a dreadful interval of time,
ıp with horror all, and big with death!
ıction hangs on every word we speak,
ery thought, till the concluding stroke
nines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX *solus.*

if yet I can reduce to reason
eadstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
me is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us—
ld! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

Juba, Syphax.

JUBA.

ı, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,
st with gloomy cares and discontent;
tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
ırn thy eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPHAX.

ɔt my talent to conceal my thoughts,
ry smiles and sunshine in my face,

When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA.

Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPHAX.

Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA.

These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves;
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life; virtues like these,
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

, kind heavens!—excuse an old man's
warmth.
e these wondrous civilizing arts,
man polish, and this smooth behaviour,
ıder man thus tractable and tame?
not only to disguise our passions,
ır looks at variance with our thoughts,
ε the starts and sallies of the soul,
ık off all its commerce with the tongue;
to change us into other creatures,
ıat our nature and the gods design'd us?

JUBA.

e thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
ayst thou see to what a godlike height
nan virtues lift up mortal man;
ood, and just, and anxious for his friends,
l severely bent against himself;
:ing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
es with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
:n his fortune sets before him all
ıps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
d virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

me, prince, there's not an African
ıverses our vast Numidian deserts
of prey, and lives upon his bow,
er practises these boasted virtues.
ıre his meals, the fortune of the chase,
:he running stream he slakes his thirst,
the day, and at th' approach of night
irst friendly bank he throws him down,
his head upon a rock till morn:
ıes fresh, pursues his wonted game,
he following day he chance to find

A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find a man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him.

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA.

Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh! that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA.

What wouldst thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon Cato.

JUBA.

I should be more than twice an orphan
a loss.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
· to call him father. Marcia's charms
your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
er you are deaf to all I say.

JUBA.

your zeal becomes importunate;
rto permitted it to rave,
at large; but learn to keep it in,
ould take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX.

great father never used me thus.
's dead! but can you e'er forget
er sorrows and the pangs of nature,
embraces and repeated blessings,
ou drew from him in your last farewell?
: I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
o torture and to please my soul.
old king at parting wrung my hand,
brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
e careful of my son!——his grief
p so high, he could not utter more.

JUBA.

' story melts away my soul.
: of fathers! how shall I discharge
tude and duty which I owe him!

SYPHAX.

up his counsels in your heart.

JUBA.

sels bade me yield to thy directions:
phax, chide me in severest terms,
hy passion, and I'll stand its shock,

Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPHAX.

Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUBA.

I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

JUBA.

My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX.

And therefore died.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather say your love.

JUBA.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force;
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

JUBA.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—

JUBA.

Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—she moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I prithee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Juba, Marcia, Lucia.

JUBA.

Hail charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And, for a while, forget th' approach of Cæsar.

MARCIA.

I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my pr
sence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA.

O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

MARCIA.

My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

JUBA.

That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

MARCIA.

My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

JUBA.

Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember

What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Lucia, Marcia.

LUCIA.

Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young, good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air;
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

MARCIA.

Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

LUCIA.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

MARCIA.

Now, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Would not the sad occasion swallow up
All other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA.

Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Unfeebled all my soul with tender passions.

And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

MARCIA.

Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

LUCIA.

I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

MARCIA.

They both behold thee with their sister's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me whose address thou favour'st most;
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUCIA.

Which is it Marcia wishes for?

MARCIA.

For neither—
And yet for both—the youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

LUCIA.

Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him!
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what—

MARCIA.

O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother!

LUCIA.

Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice!
—O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,

well ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MARCIA.

Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

LUCIA.

You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

MARCIA.

Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

LUCIA.

Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

MARCIA.

He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA.

Alas! too late I find myself involv'd

In endless griefs, and labyrinths of wo,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

MARCIA.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier ho

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with sta
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [*Exe*

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The Senate.

SEMPRONIUS.

still survives in this assembled senate!
member we are Cato's friends,
ike men who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

soon be here, and open to us
sion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
he guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

CATO.

ve once again are met in council.
ıpproach has summon'd us together,
ıe attends her fate from our resolves:
l we treat this bold, aspiring man?
till follows him, and backs his crimes:
gave him Rome; Egypt has since
his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
uld I mention Juba's overthrow,
io's death? Numidia's burning sands
ce with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
ırse to take. Our foe advances on us,
es us even Libya's sultry deserts.
ronounce your thoughts, are they still fix'd
t out, and fight it to the last?

Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius speak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,

'o grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
ucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

ly thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
lready have our quarrels fill'd the world
Vith widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
ur guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
ie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'is time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
'he gods declare against us, and repel
ur vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Vere to refuse th' awards of Providence,
nd not to rest in heav'n's determination.
lready have we shown our love to Rome,
Vow let us show submission to the gods.
Ve took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
ut free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
rms have no farther use: our country's cause,
'hat drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
nd bids us not delight in Roman blood
nprofitably shed; what men could do
s done already: heaven and earth will witness,
f Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

'his smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
onceal a traitor—something whispers me
ll is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

[*Aside to Cato.*

CATO.

et us appear nor rash nor diffident:
mmoderate valour swells into a fault,
nd fear, admitted into public councils,

Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwa
round us;
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Deciu
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

CATO.

By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.
[*Exit Marcu*
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsa
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

Decius, Cato, &c.

DECIUS.

Cæsar sends health to Cato—

CATO.

Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

DECIUS.

My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

CATO.

Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

DECIUS.

Cato, I've orders to expostulate
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

CATO.

No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

CATO.

Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A style like this becomes a conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

DECIUS.

What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

CATO.

Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

CATO.

him consider that, who drives us hither:
Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
olds this man in a false glaring light,
ich conquest and success have thrown upon him;
st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
th murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
it strike my soul with horror but to name them.
now thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
et with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
uld never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DECIUS.

es Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
all his generous cares and proffer'd friendship?

CATO.

cares for me are insolent and vain:
sumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
uld Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
him employ his care for these my friends,
l make good use of his ill-gotten power,
helt'ring men much better than himself.

DECIUS.

ir high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
l are a man. You rush on your destruction.
: I have done. When I relate hereafter
e tale of this unhappy embassy,
Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

SCENE III.

Sempronius, Lucius, Cato, &c.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

LUCIUS.

The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air,
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free! When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Others perhaps
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

CATO.

Come! no more, Sempronius
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.

ıt weaken still the weaker side
ivisions.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my resentments
ificed to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

CATO.

'tis time you come to a resolve.

LUCIUS.

all go into your opinion.
behaviour has convinced the senate
ıt to hold it out till terms arrive.

SEMPRONIUS.

ıt to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
te voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

CATO.

us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
e interval, this pause of life,
et our liberty and fates are doubtful,)
olution, friendship, Roman bravery,
he virtues we can crowd into it;
ven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
farewell—The young Numidian prince
rward, and expects to know our counsels.

SCENE IV.

Cato, Juba.

CATO.

Roman senate has resolv'd,
give better prospects, still to keep
rd unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

JUBA.

lution fits a Roman senate,
, lend me for awhile thy patience,

And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, 'My son,' said he,
'Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to b
them.'

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.

JUBA.

My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t' other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the court of Zama.

CATO.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

JUBA.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point our new alliances to Cato.

ad we not better leave this Utica,
o arm Numidia in our cause, and court
h' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduc'd like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CATO.

Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

JUBA.

'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

JUBA.

The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

CATO.

What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

I would fain retract the
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing

CATO.

Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can Juba ask,
That Cato will refuse!

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia——inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What wouldst thou say?

JUBA.

Cato, thou hast a daughte

CATO.

Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:

w a time to talk of aught
ı or conquest, liberty or death.

SCENE V.

Syphax, Juba.

SYPHAX.

ı, my prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
as if yon stern philosopher
ıow chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

ill all mankind.

JUBA.

I've open'd to him
ness of my soul, my love of Marcia.

SYPHAX.

roper person to intrust
e with.

JUBA.

Oh! I could pierce my heart,
h heart! was ever wretch like Juba?

SYPHAX.

prince, how are you chang'd of late!
n young Juba rise, before the sun,
he thicket where the tiger slept,
he lion in his dreadful haunts:
the colour mount into your cheeks,

When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen yo
Even in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUBA.

Prithee, no more!

SYPHAX.

How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

SYPHAX.

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

What sayst thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

As how, dear Syphax?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unused to the restraint
Of curbs and bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

ods! I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
ionour's a fine imaginary notion,
'hat draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUBA.

Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

SYPHAX.

The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

JUBA.

Gods! must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I've gone too far. [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

SYPHAX.

I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUBA.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

SYPHAX.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!
[*Aside.*

JUBA.

Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUBA.

w'st the way too well into my heart,
re thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX.

ater instance can I give? I've offer'd
action, which my soul abhors,
you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

thy motive? I have been too hasty.

SYPHAX.

r this my prince has call'd me traitor.

JUBA.

mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

SYPHAX.

ndeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor:
er, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
my prince, would you complain to Cato?
ax loves you, and would sacrifice
ay, more, his honour, in your service.

JUBA.

know thou lov'st me; but, indeed,
or Juba carried thee too far.
a sacred tie, the law of kings,
mind's distinguishing perfection,
and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
tes her actions, where she is not:
ot to be sported with.

SYPHAX.

By heavens,
'd when you talk thus, though you chide me!
e hitherto been us'd to think
ficious zeal to serve my king
g principle, that ought to burn
ch all others in a subject's heart,

Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk ——but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and forwardness of age;
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burthensome, I sha'n't support it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX, *solus.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both——A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear!
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds;——
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine——

SCENE VI.

Syphax, Sempronius.

SYPHAX.

All hail, Sempronius!
to's senate is resolv'd to wait
.of a siege before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

we both were on the verge of fate:
:clar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
)y a messenger from Cæsar.
ıey submit ere our designs are ripe,
must perish in the common wreck,
general undistinguish'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

stands Cato?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou hast seen Mount Atlas;
)rms and tempests thunder on its brows,
ıns break their billows at its feet,
unmov'd, and glories in its height.
hat haughty man; his towering soul,
the shocks and injuries of fortune,
ıerior, and looks down on Cæsar.

SYPHAX.

's this messenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practis'd with him,
d a means to let the victor know
hax and Sempronius are his friends.
e now examine in my turn!
.x'd?

SYPHAX.

Yes——but it is to Cato.

I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

SYPHAX.

May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

SYPHAX.

Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready;
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

SYPHAX.

Mean while I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato

ok aghast, while unforseen destruction
n upon him thus from every side.
here our wide Numidian wastes extend,
, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
through the air in circling eddies play,
the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
lpless traveller, with wild surprise,
e dry desert all around him rise,
other'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Marcus, Portius.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

MARCUS.

Portius, thou knowst my soul in all its weakness,
Then prithee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

PORTIUS.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS.

Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,

That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time;
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

PORTIUS.

What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

MARCUS.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MARCUS.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—

MARCUS.

I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.

But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

PORTIUS.

What should I do! if I disclose my passion
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false t' a friend and brother.
[*Aside.*

MARCUS.

But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius,
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

PORTIUS.

She sees us, and advances—

MARCUS.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

Lucia, Portius.

LUCIA.

Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

PORTIUS.

Oh Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,

ıd mix'd together in so wild a tumult,
ıat the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
:avens! would one think 'twere possible for love
ı make such ravage in a noble soul!
ı, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him;
en now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
ıd I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

LUCIA.

ɔw wilt thou guard thy honour in the shock
ı love and friendship! think betimes, my Portius,
hink how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
ur mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
hy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

PORTIUS.

las, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
is generous, open, undesigning heart
as begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
hen do not strike him dead with a denial,
ut hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
/ith the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
:rhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
nd weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

LUCIA.

o, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
hy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
the pursuit of our ill fated loves.
nd, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
ɔ heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
ever to mix my plighted hands with thine,
'hile such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
ıt to forget our loves, and drive thee out
om all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

PORTIUS.

What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck! recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

LUCIA.

Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

PORTIUS.

Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks—a monument of wrath!

LUCIA.

At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

PORTIUS.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA.

Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

PORTIUS.

Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,

ıd horror dwells about thee !—hah, she faints !
'retch that I am ! what has my rashness done !
ıcia, thou injur'd innocence ! thou best
ıd loveliest of thy sex ! awake, my Lucia,
· Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
ıey shut not out society in death—
ıt, hah ! she moves ! life wanders up and down
ırough all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA.

h Portius, was this well !—to frown on her
hat lives upon thy smiles ! to call in doubt
he faith of one expiring at thy feet,
hat loves thee more than ever woman lov'd !
·What do I say ? my half-recover'd sense
ɔrgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
estruction stands betwixt us ! we must part.

PORTIUS.

ame not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
nd startle into madness at the sound.

LUCIA.

'hat would'st thou have me do ? consider well
ıe train of ills our love would draw behind it.
ıink, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
ıbb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
ɔrming at heaven and thee ! thy awful sire
ɜrnly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
ıat robs him of his son ! poor Marcia trembles,
ıen tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
lls out on Lucia ! What could Lucia answer ?
how stand up in such a scene of sorrow ?

PORTIUS.

my confusion and eternal grief,
ıust approve the sentence that destroys me.
e mist, that hung about my mind, clears up ;

And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA.

Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius,
Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever!

PORTIUS.

Stay, Lucia, stay! what dost thou say? for ever?

LUCIA.

Have I not sworn? if, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever!

PORTIUS.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loath to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

LUCIA.

If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

PORTIUS.

'Tis true! unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

LUCIA.

What dost thou say? not part?
u forgot the vow that I have made?
e not heavens, and gods, and thunder, o'er us!
:e! thy brother Marcus bends this way!
as the sight. Once more, farewell,
l, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
s love, or ever grief, like mine.

SCENE III.

Marcus, Portius.

MARCUS.

what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
or death?

PORTIUS.

What wouldst thou have me say?

MARCUS.

ıeans this pensive posture? thou appear'st
: amaz'd and terrifi'd.

PORTIUS.

I've reason.

MARCUS.

vncast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,
my fate. I ask not the success
e has found.

PORTIUS.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MARCUS.

does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
ng heart! and triumph in my pains?
ould cast her from my thoughts for ever!

PORTIUS.

Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS.

Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!
Prithee, what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me.
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——

PORTIUS.

Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

MARCUS.

What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its self—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS.

A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS.

Oh for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

PORTIUS.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

SCENE IV.

ıpronius with the leaders of the mutiny.

SEMPRONIUS.

ı the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high;
r care, my friends, to keep it up
. fury, and direct it right,
s spent itself on Cato's head.
ile I'll herd among his friends, and seem
ıe number, that whate'er arrive,
ds and fellow soldiers may be safe.

FIRST LEADER.

re safe, Sempronius is our friend:
ius is as brave a man as Cato.
ε! he enters. Bear up boldly to him,
ou beat him down, and bind him fast.
will end our toils, and give us rest!
ıing, for Sempronius is our friend.

SCENE V.

Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, Marcus, &c.

CATO.

re these bold, intrepid sons of war,
atly turn their backs upon the foe,
ıeir general send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd!
[*Aside.*

CATO.

s men! and will you thus dishonour
t exploits, and sully all your wars?

Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of care!
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [Aside.

CATO.

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first t' explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When, on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream,
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?

e not lead you through the mid-day sun,
:louds of dust? did not his temples glow
same sultry winds and scorching heats?

CATO.

:, worthless men! hence! and complain to
Cæsar
ould not undergo the toils of war,
ɔear the hardships that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

:ato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
ır in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

to be honest men, give up your leaders,
ardon shall descend on all the rest.

SEMPRONIUS.

commit these wretches to my care.
let them each be broken on the rack,
with what life remains, impal'd, and left
ithe at leisure round the bloody stake.
let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
ırtners of their crime will learn obedience,
they look up and see their fellow traitors
on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

LUCIUS.

onius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
:tched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

wouldst thou clear rebellion?
ı, good man, pities the poor offenders,
ould imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

CATO.

r, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
their deaths remember they are men.
not the laws to make their tortures grievous.

Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

CATO.

Mean while we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood,)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

SCENE VI.

Sempronius and the leaders of the muting.

FIRST LEADER.

Sempronius, you have acted like yourself,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, stand off! base, grov'ling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

SECOND LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

lains, when such paltry slaves presume
ı treasons, if the plot succeeds,
ırown neglected by: but if it fails,
ure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
e these factious monsters, drag them forth
n death.

Enter Guards.

FIRST LEADER.

Nay, since it comes to this—

SEMPRONIUS.

them quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
their dying breath they sow sedition.

SCENE VII.

Syphax, Sempronius.

SYPHAX.

design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
: remains an after-game to play:
s are mounted; their Numidian steeds
the wind, and long to scour the desert:
ıempronius head us in our flight,
ce the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
down all that would oppose our passage.
l bring us into Cæsar's camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

ı! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
he charming Marcia's left behind!

SYPHAX.

ll Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

SEMPRONIUS.

ıt thy friend can ever feel the soft

Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX.

Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sunshine and his skies.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Lucia, Marcia.

LUCIA.

OW tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
o suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

MARCIA.

Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart
ent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow;
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
Vith all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

know thou'rt doom'd, alike, to be belov'd
by Juba and thy father's friend, Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

MARCIA.

Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius.
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man:
Juba to all the bravery of a hero
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.

LUCIA.

And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MARCIA.

While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA.

But should this father give you to Sempronius?

MARCIA.

I dare not think he will: but if he should——
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.

SCENE II.

Sempronius, dressed like Juba, with Numidian guards.

SEMPRONIUS.

The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost! if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.—
But, hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards——Hah! dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or, by yon azure heaven——

Enter Juba.

JUBA.

lo I see? who's this that dares usurp
ıards and habit of Numidia's prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

at was born to scourge thy arrogance,
ıptuous youth!

JUBA.

What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS.

ord shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

en beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!

[*Semp. falls. His guards surrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
ɔy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
ian dress, and for a worthless woman?
I'm distracted! this my close of life!
. peal of thunder that would make
sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble!

[*Dies.*

JUBA.

what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
ft the limbs still quivering on the ground!
let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
'e may there at length unravel all
ark design, this mystery of fate.

SCENE III.

Lucia, Marcia.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!——
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder.
Hah! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

LUCIA.

Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

LUCIA.

What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

MARCIA.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

[*Enter Juba listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way

To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

JUBA.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

MARCIA.

Oh! he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

JUBA.

I shall run mad——

MARCIA.

O Juba! Juba! Juba!

JUBA.

What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?

MARCIA.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead! and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!

Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba.

JUBA.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!

MARCIA.

Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus——

JUBA.

See, Marcia, see!
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

MARCIA.

With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch
Disguis'd like Juba, on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

MARCIA.

I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I'm lost in ecstacy ! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid ?

MARCIA.

And dost thou live to ask it ?

JUBA.

This, this is life indeed ! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now !

MARCIA.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

O fortunate mistake !

MARCIA.

O happy Marcia !

JUBA.

My joy ! my best belov'd ! my only wish !
How shall I speak the transport of my soul ?

MARCIA.

Lucia, thy arm ! oh let me rest upon it !—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince ! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me ;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

JUBA.

am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
'ortune, thou now hast made amends for all
'hy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
Vhat though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
nd provinces to swell the victor's triumph !

Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

SCENE IV.

A March at a distance.

Cato, Lucius.

LUCIUS.

I stand astonish'd! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness——

CATO.

Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
——O! Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

PORTIUS.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

CATO.

Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

PORTIUS.

Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,

lew off at once with his Numidian horse
'o the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
:e tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
:e would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

CATO.

erfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
hy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit Por.*
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
ıstice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
ı Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

LUCIUS.

Vhile pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
'he world will still demand her Cato's presence.
ı pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
ınd reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO.

Vould Lucius have me live to swell the number
ıf Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
:ive up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS.

he victor never will impose on Cato
ngen'rous terms. His enemies confess
he virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

CATO.

ırse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
ıch popular humanity is treason——
ıt see young Juba! the good youth appears
ıll of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

LUCIUS.

as! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter Juba.

JUBA.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

CATO.

What's thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a Numidian.

CATO.

And a brave one too.
Thou hast a Roman soul.

JUBA.

Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

CATO.

Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes——Rome has its Cæsars.

JUBA.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distress'd.

CATO.

'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Re-enter Portius.

PORTIUS.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——

CATO.

Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

PORTIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO.

I'm satisfi'd.

PORTIUS.

Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

PORTIUS.

Long may they keep asunder!

LUCIUS.

O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO, *meeting the corpse.*

Welcome, my son! here lay him down my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth! what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this? [*Asi*

CATO.

Alas! my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tear
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.
[*Asi*

CATO.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsa
For him the self-devoted Decii di'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd:
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen! O curs'd ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

CATO.

Cæsar asham'd! has not he seen Pharsalia?

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

CATO.

Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say, I conquer'd Cato.
But, oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CATO.

Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—

JUBA.

If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!

CATO.

Thy virtues, prince, if I forsee aright,
Will one day make thee great: at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius draw near! my son thou oft has seen
Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me

Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success:
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome:
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

PORTIUS.

I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

CATO.

Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune, cross'd,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.

[T must be so——Plato, thou reason'st well!—
'lse whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
'his longing after immortality?
'r whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
f falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
ack on herself, and startles at destruction?
'is the divinity that stirs within us;
'is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
nd intimates eternity to man.
ternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
hrough what variety of untry'd being,
hrough what new scenes and changes must we pass!
he wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
ut shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
ere will I hold. If there's a power above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
hrough all her works) he must delight in virtue;
nd that which he delights in must be happy.
ut when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
m weary of conjectures——This must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
y bane and antidote are both before me:
his in a moment brings me to an end;

But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE II.

Cato, Portius.

CATO.

But, hah! how's this my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

PORTIUS.

Alas! my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Rash youth, forbear!

PORTIUS.

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from y

CATO.

Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

PORTIUS.

Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

CATO.

'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

PORTIUS.

O, Sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O, my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

CATO.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*

Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

PORTIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Portius, thou mayst rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting

Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd:
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

PORTIUS.

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

Portius, Marcia.

PORTIUS.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

MARCIA.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

SCENE IV.

Lucia, Marcia.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

MARCIA.

ıpeak low, he is retir'd to rest.
: feel a gently-dawning hope
ny soul. We shall be happy still.

LUCIA.

tremble when I think on Cato,
view, in every thought I tremble!
ıtern and awful as a god;
rs not how to wink at human frailty,
on weakness that he never felt.

MARCIA.

stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
l goodness, Lucia, always mild,
sionate, and gentle to his friends.
.th domestic tenderness, the best,
dest father! I have ever found him
.d good, and bounteous to my wishes.

LUCIA.

consent alone can make us blest.
we both are equally involv'd
.me intricate, perplex'd distress.
el hand of fate, that has destroy'd
ther Marcus, whom we both lament—

MARCIA.

r shall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA.

my soul at large, and now I stand
f my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
ows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
he has determin'd of thyself?

MARCIA.

but live! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, Cæsar thou canst not hurt me.

MARCIA.

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

LUCIUS.

Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

JUBA.

Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

[*Enter Portius.*

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

PORTIUS.

s I was hasting to the port, where now
y father's friends, impatient for a passage,
ccuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
rom Pompey's son, who, through the realms of Spain
alls out for vengeance on his father's death,
nd rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
ssert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence.

[*Exit Portius.*

LUCIUS.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And, in the wild disorder of his soul,
Mourns o'er his country.—Hah! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all—

MARCIA.

Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter Portius.

PORTIUS.

O sight of wo!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword—

LUCIUS.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

PORTIUS.

I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,

Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.*

MARCIA.

O heaven assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

JUBA.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

LUCIUS.

Now is Rome fallen indeed!—

[*Cato brought forward in his chair.*

CATO.

Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good!
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*

LUCIUS.

There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd

Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!
hy will shall be religiously observ'd.
ut let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
nd lay it in his sight, that it may stand
fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
ato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence let fierce contending nations know
Vhat dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

EPILOGUE.

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they are cancell'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless and the thoughts sincere
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Nov. 1714.

THE muse, that oft with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
  No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
  Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.

O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heav'n's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptr'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eye shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Meanwhile, bright Princess, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble characters expos'd to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.

Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some poet, in a lasting song,
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their father's eyes.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS

PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd,
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
  The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows
His care of friends and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
  O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sov'reign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And, stamp'd on British coins, shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vi'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvass into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise Phidias, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;

Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
  Great Pan, who wont to chase the fai
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there
Old Saturn too, with up-cast eyes,
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strur
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills alli'd
In impious leagues their king defi'd.
  This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carv'd a Jove

THE

DRUMMER,

OR THE

HAUNTED HOUSE.

A COMEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

———————*Falsis terroribus implet*
Ut magus——————————— HOR.

PREFACE.

HAVING recommended this play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better for the want of those studied similes and repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at the theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play, by the opinion of better judges, to whom it was communicated, who observed that the scenes were drawn after Moliere's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother-sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear

at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee: which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praise of the play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.

Though with a ghost our comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd:
O, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil;
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of flesh and blood——as much as you.
Then ev'ry evening come in flocks, undaunted;
We never think this house is too much haunted.

THE DRUMMER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR GEORGE TRUMAN, ...	MR. WILKS.
TINSEL, ...	MR. CIBBER.
FANTOME, the Drummer, ...	MR. MILLS.
VELLUM, Sir George Truman's Steward,	MR. JOHNSON.
BUTLER, ...	MR. PENKETHMAN.
COACHMAN, ...	MR. MILLER.
GARDENER, ...	MR. NORRIS.
LADY TRUMAN, ...	MRS. OLDFIELD.
ABIGAIL, ...	MRS. SAUNDERS.

THE DRUMMER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.

BUTLER.

THERE came another coach to town last night, hat brought a gentleman to inquire about this trange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will ring a power of custom to the George——If so be e continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, nd set up the sign of the drum.

COACHMAN.

I'll give madam warning, that's flat——I've always r'd in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to : a servant in a house that is haunted.

GARDENER.

I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my m if both of you leave Madam; not but Madam's a ry good woman——if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil r——Come, here's her health.

BUTLER.

It's a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is sturb'd. He made such a racket in the cellar last ght, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my rrels.

COACHMAN.

Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you——He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

GARDENER.

I thought I heard him in one of my bed-posts—— I marvel, John, how he gets into the house when all the gates are shut.

BUTLER.

Why, look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an auger-hole :—he'll whisk you through a key-hole, without so much as justling against one of the wards.

COACHMAN.

Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain ; and verily believes it is my master that was kill'd in the last campaign.

BUTLER.

Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis Sir George : Mrs. Abigail is of opinion it can be none but his honour : he always lov'd the wars ; and you know was mightily pleas'd from a child with the music of a drum.

GARDENER.

I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

BUTLER.

Found! why, you fool, is not his body here about the house ? Dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms ?

COACHMAN.

'Tis Master, as sure as I stand here alive ; and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town-close.

GARDENER.

Ay! how did he appear?

COACHMAN.

Like a white horse.

BUTLER.

Pho, Robin, I tell you he has never appear'd yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

COACHMAN.

This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night, without my lantern, I fell across a beam that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

BUTLER.

Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw. Why a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle—— As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch look'd as if she saw something.

COACHMAN.

Ay, poor cur! she's almost frighten'd out of her wits.

GARDENER.

Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often when we don't.

BUTLER.

My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

GARDENER.

I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

COACHMAN.

Why may not the parson of our parish lay him?

BUTLER.

No, no, no; our parson cannot lay him.

COACHMAN.

Why not he as well as another man?

BUTLER.

Why, ye fool, he is not qualified——He has not taken the oaths.

GARDENER.

Why, d'ye think, John, that the spirit would take the law of him?——Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

COACHMAN.

How's that?

GARDENER.

I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]——I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

COACHMAN.

Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

BUTLER.

Pugh, this is all froth; you understand nothing of the matter——The next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done,——I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

COACHMAN.

Ay, that would do if the steward had but courage?

GARDENER.

There you have it——He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his own! but alack, what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read?

BUTLER.

Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter; thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For

I know, he might flay thee alive; and make
nent of thy skin to cover his drum with.

GARDENER.

ddle-stick! tell not me—I fear nothing; not I!
r did harm in my life; I never committed mur-

BUTLER.

rily believe thee: keep thy temper, Peter; af-
›per we'll drink each of us a double mug, and
t come what will.

GARDENER.

r, that's well said, John, an honest man that is
.te sober has nothing to fear——Here's to ye
'hy, how if he should come this minute, here
[stand. Ha! what noise is that?

BUTLER AND COACHMAN.

where?

GARDENER.

devil! the devil! Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

BUTLER.

aith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigail! a good mis-
tis Mrs. Abigail.

Enter Abigail.

ABIGAIL.

are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time
uzzling when gentry are come to the house!
›n't you lay your cloth? how come you out of
les? why are not you at work in your garden?

GARDENER.

, yonder's the fine Londoner and Madam
; a walk together; and methought they look'd
:y should say they had rather have my room
r company.

BUTLER.

And so, forsooth, being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

GARDENER.

For you must know, Mrs. Abigail, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

COACHMAN.

I am resolv'd to give Madam warning, to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no farther occasion for a coach, now he walks.

BUTLER.

Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright Madam and his old servants at this rate.

GARDENER.

And, truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I serv'd my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

ABIGAIL.

Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it: you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

GARDENER.

Frighten'd! I scorn your words. Frighten'd, quoth-a!

ABIGAIL.

What, you sot! are you grown pot-valiant?

GARDENER.

Frighten'd with a drum! that's a good one! It will do us no harm, I'll answer for it: It will bring no

bloodshed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

BUTLER.

Prithee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

ABIGAIL.

Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish.

[*Aside.*

GARDENER.

I scorn to be frighten'd, now I'm in for't; if old Dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him——

BUTLER.

Prithee hold thy tongue.

GARDENER.

I would take him——

[*The Drum beats, the Gardener endeavours to get off, and falls.*

BUTLER AND COACHMAN.

Speak to it Mrs. Abigail.

GARDENER.

Spare my life, and take all I have.

COACHMAN.

Make off, make off, good butler; and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*

Abigail solo.

ABIGAIL.

So now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer——But first let me shut the door, lest we be surpris'd. Mr. Fantome! Mr. Fantome! [*he beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out; the enemy's fled ——I must speak with you immediately——Don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a drum.*

FANTOME.

Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast manag'd this thing so well that I could take thee in my arms, and kiss thee ——if my drum did not stand in my way.

ABIGAIL.

Well, o'my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

FANTOME.

There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail; Sir George had that freshness in his looks that we men of the town cannot come up to.

ABIGAIL.

Oh! death may have altered you, you know—— Besides, you must consider you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

FANTOME.

Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

ABIGAIL.

'Tis just such a one as my master receiv'd from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter inform'd her.

FANTOME.

It happens luckily that this suit of clothes of Sir George's fits me so well——I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

ABIGAIL.

You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

FANTOME.

But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

ABIGAIL.

Pray what good did your being visible do you? The ir Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand m——But when you were seen by my lady in your roper person, after she had taken a full survey of ou, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she ery civilly dismissed you, for the sake of this empty oisy creature, Tinsel. She fancies you have been one from hence this fortnight.

FANTOME.

Why, really, I love thy lady so well, that though I ad no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not ear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

ABIGAIL.

Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner for less than a thousand pound?

FANTOME.

Thou art always reminding me of my promise——Thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to ear: dost not thou know that stories of ghosts and pparitions generally end in a pot of money.

ABIGAIL.

Why, truly now Mr. Fantome, I should think myelf a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a arthing less.

FANTOME.

Dear Abigail, how I admire thy virtue!

ABIGAIL.

No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief's sake.

FANTOME.

But is thy lady persuaded that I am the ghost of her leceased husband?

ABIGAIL.

I endeavour to make her believe so; and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

FANTOME.

Prithee make use of all thy art; for I'm tir'd to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat behind the wainscot.

ABIGAIL.

Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? There's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it besides myself.

FANTOME.

Ah! Mrs. Abigail! you have had your intrigues—

ABIGAIL.

For you must know when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of *hide and seek*.

FANTOME.

I believe by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

ABIGAIL.

You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome: but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This place is unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner; who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I design'd it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, lac'd shoes, and good things that I have had in it!—Pray take care you do not break the cherry-brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

FANTOME.

Well, Mrs. Abigail, I hire your closet of you but

r this one night——A thousand pound, you know, a very good rent.

ABIGAIL.

Well, get you gone: you have such a way with you, here's no denying you any thing!

FANTOME.

I'm a thinking how Tinsel will stare, when he sees me come out of the wall; for I am resolv'd to make my appearance to-night.

ABIGAIL.

Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

FANTOME.

Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

ABIGAIL.

I'm undone, I'm undone——[*As he is going in.*] Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome, have you put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hands?

FANTOME.

Thou shalt have it; I tell thee thou shalt have it.

[*Fantome goes in.*

ABIGAIL.

No more words—Vanish, vanish.

Enter Lady.

ABIGAIL, *opening the door.*

Oh, dear Madam, was it you that made such a knocking? my heart does so beat—I vow you have frighted me to death—I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

LADY.

I have been showing the garden to Mr. Tinsel: he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

ABIGAIL.

Indeed, Madam, he's a very loose man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

LADY.

Well, an *infidel* is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolv'd to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

ABIGAIL.

Ah, madam! the drum began to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addresses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than us'd to be—

LADY.

This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

ABIGAIL.

Ay, and should have been yours too, by my consent! Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is—Mr. Fantome was the best built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and lov'd you! Poor soul! how has he sighed when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted lady—Well! I had as lief as a thousand pound you would marry Mr. Fantome.

LADY.

To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

ABIGAIL.

Marry him, quoth-a! No, if you should, you'll be

awaken'd sooner than married couples generally are ——You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

LADY.

I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*

ABIGAIL.

Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, "What dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shank'd fellow?"

LADY.

Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? He never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living; and should prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk; but I fancy, Abigail, a discreet woman might reform him.

ABIGAIL.

That's a likely matter indeed! Did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress? Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance, like marriage!

LADY.

He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

ABIGAIL.

Familiar! Madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

LADY.

But that, you know, Abigail, shows he has no dissimulation in him——Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

ABIGAIL.

Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

LADY.

But that you know, Abigail, may be only to show his wit—Then it must be own'd he's extremely talkative.

ABIGAIL.

Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

LADY.

But that you know, Abigail, is a sign he had been us'd to good company—Then indeed he is very positive.

ABIGAIL.

Positive! why he contradicts you in every thing you say.

LADY.

But then, you know, Abigail, he has been educated at the inns of court.

ABIGAIL.

A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

LADY.

You talk as if you hated him.

ABIGAIL.

You talk as if you lov'd him.

LADY.

Hold your tongue; here he comes.

Enter Tinsel.

TINSEL.

My dear widow!

ABIGAIL.

My dear widow! marry come up! [*Aside.*

LADY.

Let him alone, Abigail; so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

TINSEL.

I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you——Your servants have made a convert of my booby: his head is so fill'd with this foolish story of a Drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moon-light.

LADY.

Ah! Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

ABIGAIL.

Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my lady had told you, that she had heard it herself.

TINSEL.

Ha! ha! ha!

ABIGAIL.

Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses?

TINSEL.

Ha! ha! ha!

ABIGAIL.

There's manners for you, madam. [*Aside.*

LADY.

Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

TINSEL.

Fancy!

LADY.

But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

TINSEL.

Vapours! vapours! pray, my dear widow, will you answer me one question?——Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your husband was living?

LADY.

And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?

TINSEL.

Believe me, Madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

ABIGAIL.

Don't tell my lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard it myself.

TINSEL.

Hark thee, child——art thou not an old maid?

ABIGAIL.

Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

TINSEL.

Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. Abigail.

ABIGAIL.

Marry, Sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

LADY.

Why, truly, I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

ABIGAIL.

A very pretty subject indeed for a lover to divert his mistress with.

LADY.

But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

TINSEL.

Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced, in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

LADY.

You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

TINSEL.

Ha! ha! ha! well said, my dear! why faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain.

LADY.

Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

TINSEL.

Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

LADY.

Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

TINSEL.

Simplicity!

ABIGAIL.

I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye Sir?

TINSEL.

Foolish enough!

LADY.

I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I'm afraid malicious people will say, I'm in love with an atheist.

TINSEL.

Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashion'd word——I'm a Freethinker, child.

ABIGAIL.

I'm sure you are a free-speaker!

LADY.

Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoil'd your breeding.

TINSEL.

To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I'm convinc'd by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozled——

ABIGAIL.

Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal.

LADY.

Why, really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying——She need not be afraid to lie by herself.

TINSEL.

Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

LADY.

Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my ignorance——You learned men are so apt to despise one!

TINSEL.

No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou should'st be as wise as I am——in a week's time.

LADY.

Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

TINSEL.

Prithee, widow, don't be queer.

LADY.

I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

TINSEL.

Well enough, faith! where's the jest of rallying any thing else?

ABIGAIL.

Ah! Madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome talk at this rate? [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

But where's this ghost! this son of a whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

ABIGAIL.

Pray, Madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master.

TINSEL.

That's well enough, faith, Nab; dost thou think thy master is so unreasonable, as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfill'd them to a tittle——Did not you marry Sir George to the tune of, 'till death us do part?'

LADY.

I must not hear Sir George's memory treated in so slight a manner——This fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finished coxcomb. [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

Give me but possession of your person, and I'll

whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country lady come to London with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, play'd at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventur'd home in a chair at all hours of the night.

ABIGAIL.

Hum——sauce-box. [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

'Tis the solitude of the country that created these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at London, except in the play-house——Oh! we'd pass all our time in London. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversion, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

LADY.

Well then, you have an opportunity of showing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

TINSEL.

Your jointure! how can you think me such a dog! But, child, won't your jointure be the same thing in London as in the country?

LADY.

No, you're deceiv'd! You must know it is settled on me by marriage articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion house, and keep it up in repair.

TINSEL.

How!

ABIGAIL.

That's well put, Madam.

TINSEL.

Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

LADY.

Ay, but then this cruel drum!

TINSEL.

Something so venerable in it!

LADY.

Ay, but the drum!

TINSEL.

For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better than any of your new orders——it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

LADY.

Ay, but the drum!

TINSEL.

How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives would be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

LADY.

Ay, but the drum! the drum!

TINSEL.

My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys, though thunder shook the room.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers Vellum in his Office, and a Letter in his Hand.

VELLUM.

THIS letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes ——or rather my spectacles——'To Humphry Vellum, Esq. Steward to the Lady Truman.'

'VELLUM,

'I DOUBT not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George Inn. If an old man with a gray beard, in a black cloak, inquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjurer, but is, really,

'Your faithful friend,

'G. TRUMAN.'

'P. S. Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.'

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living, are manifold——First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

Secondly, because the news of his death was first publish'd in Dyer's Letter.

Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself——I know his hand, and manner of spelling.

Fourthly——

Enter Butler.

BUTLER.

Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

VELLUM.

Admit him immediately.

BUTLER.

I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

VELLUM.

He says right——He is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in, and withdraw. [*Exit Butler.*

And, fourthly, as I was saying, because——

Enter Butler with Sir George.

BUTLER.

Sir, here is the conjurer——What a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*

SIR GEORGE.

Dear Vellum! you have received my letter; but before we proceed, lock the door.

VELLUM.

It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

SIR GEORGE.

In the next place, help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

VELLUM.

It is his shape.

SIR GEORGE.

So, now lay my beard upon the table.

VELLUM.

[*After having looked on Sir George through his spectacles.*

It is his face, every lineament!

SIR GEORGE.

Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

VELLUM.

Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was, in all the newspapers, in the list of those that were slain.

SIR GEORGE.

We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolv'd to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any farther arguments to convince you I am so.

VELLUM.

I am——and moreover I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinc'd of it. Her ho--nour is a discerning lady.

SIR GEORGE.

I'm only afraid she should be convinc'd of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

VELLUM.

Sorely.

SIR GEORGE.

How long did her grief last?

VELLUM.

Longer than I have known any widow's——at least three days.

SIR GEORGE.

Three days, say'st thou? Three whole days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!——O woman! woman!

VELLUM.

Grief is twofold.

SIR GEORGE.

This blockhead is as methodical as ever——but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*

VELLUM.

There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; she was drowned in tears till such time as the taylor had made her widow's weeds——Indeed they became her.

SIR GEORGE.

Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly, a most seasonable consolation!

VELLUM.

But, I must needs say, she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

SIR GEORGE.

That was kind indeed! I find she grieved with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

VELLUM.

Her jointure is considerable.

SIR GEORGE.

How this fool torments me! [*Aside.*

VELLUM.

Her person is amiable——

SIR GEORGE.

Death! [*Aside.*

VELLUM.

But her character is unblemished. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope——

SIR GEORGE.

And has had as many suitors.

VELLUM.

Several have made their overtures.

SIR GEORGE.

Several!

VELLUM.

But she has rejected all.

SIR GEORGE.

There thou reviv'st me——but what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

VELLUM.

He is young.

SIR GEORGE.

Does she listen to him.

VELLUM.

He is gay.

SIR GEORGE.

Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

VELLUM.

He is not ill made.

SIR GEORGE.

Are the vows and protestations that pass'd between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! Is Tinsel the man designed for my worthy successor.

VELLUM.

You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months——

SIR GEORGE.

Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*

VELLUM.

And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman——meaning your ho--nour.

SIR GEORGE.

I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the Drummer before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me, as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts, can silence the Drummer, and dispossess the house.

VELLUM.

I am going to lay my accounts before my lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho--nour to admit the trial of your art.

SIR GEORGE.

I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love intrigue——Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigail endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho--nour who troubles the house.

SIR GEORGE.

That convinces me 'tis a cheat; for, I think Vellum, I may be pretty well assured it is not me.

VELLUM.

I am apt to think so, truly. Ha! ha! ha!

SIR GEORGE.

Abigail had always an ascendent over her lady, and there's a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of Abigail's familiars.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigail has of late been very mysterious.

SIR GEORGE.

I fancy, Vellum, thou couldst worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigail hath her allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your ho--nour's service.

SIR GEORGE.

If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou wouldst immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigail was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

SIR GEORGE.

In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have——Well, sure I am the first that ever was employed to lay himself.

VELLUM.

You act indeed a threefold part in this house; you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my ho--nour'd master, Sir George Truman; he! he! he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEORGE.

O, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, Vellum, your commission is twofold, first to gain admission for me to your lady, and, secondly, to get the secret out of Abigail.

VELLUM.

It sufficeth. [*The scene shuts.*

Enter Lady solo.

LADY.

Women, who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of them profess'd admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for them. But of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblamable. I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes Abigail. I must teaze the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her disposal.

Enter Abigail.

ABIGAIL.

Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says, he must have Sir George's apartment enlarg'd; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to show me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

LADY.

Well! he's a wild fellow.

ABIGAIL.

Indeed he's a very sad man, Madam.

LADY.

He's young, Abigail, 'tis a thousand pitie should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform

ABIGAIL.

Reform him! marry hang him!

LADY.

Has not he a great deal of life?

ABIGAIL.

Ay, enough to make your heart ach.

LADY.

I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fe

ABIGAIL.

He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

LADY.

He's very good natur'd!

ABIGAIL.

He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

LADY.

Dost thou think he loves me!

ABIGAIL.

Mr. Fantome did, I am sure.

LADY.

With what raptures he talk'd!

ABIGAIL.

Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-hou

LADY.

He has kept bad company.

ABIGAIL.

They must be very bad indeed, if they were than himself.

LADY.

I have a strong fancy a good woman might r him.

ABIGAIL.

It would be a fine experiment if it should not succeed.

LADY.

Well, Abigail, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the steward, I have no farther occasion for you at present. [*Exit Abigail.*

Enter Vellum.

VELLUM.

Madam, is your ho--nour at leisure to look into the accounts of the last week? They rise very high—House-keeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

LADY.

How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks! but read your account, Vellum.

VELLUM.

[*Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene*] A hogshead and a half of ale——It is not for the ghost's drinking——but your ho--nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small-beer, so long as the house continues in this condition.

LADY.

At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll answer for them. But go on.

VELLUM.

Item, two sheep, and a—where is the ox?—Oh! here I have him—and an ox—Your ho--nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this drum. *Item*, bread, ten peck loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread.——

Item, three barrels of table-beer—They must drink with their meat.

LADY.

Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works.

[*Aside.*

VELLUM.

Item, to Mr. Tinsel's servants five bottles of port wine——It was by your ho--nour's order——*Item*, three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. Abigail.

LADY.

I suppose that was by your own order.

VELLUM.

We have been long friends, we are your ho--nour's ancient servants; sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants when they are tardy in their business; he! he! he! pardon me for being jocular.

LADY.

Well, I see you'll come together at last.

VELLUM.

Item, a dozen pound of watch-lights for the use of the servants.

LADY.

For the use of the servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wits' end. Vellum, what would you advise me to do?

VELLUM.

Madam, your ho--nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant expenses, which so many strangers bring upon you.——Secondly, To clear the house of this invisible Drummer.

LADY.

This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

VELLUM.

I beseech your ho--nour to give me the hearing.

LADY.

I do. But, prithee, take pity on me, and be not tedious.

VELLUM.

I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man, of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a———

LADY.

No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

VELLUM.

Give me the hearing, good my lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this Drum. If one may believe him he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

LADY.

Pho, these are idle stories to amuse the country people; this can do us no good.

VELLUM.

It can do us no harm, my lady.

LADY.

I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

VELLUM.

I cannot say I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should

succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

LADY.

I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

VELLUM.

I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work;——no cure, no money.

LADY.

That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

VELLUM.

I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.

BUTLER.

Rare news, my lads, rare news!

GARDENER.

What's the matter? hast thou got any more vales for us?

BUTLER.

No, 'tis better than that.

COACHMAN.

Is there another stranger come to the house?

BUTLER.

Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

GARDENER.

What! is he a lord?

BUTLER.

lord! No, nothing like it.——He's a conjurer.

COACHMAN.

conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my lady?

BUTLER.

), no, you fool, he's come on purpose to lay the
t.

COACHMAN.

', marry, that's good news indeed; but where is

BUTLER.

e is lock'd up with the steward in his office; they
laying their heads together very close. I fancy
are casting a figure.

GARDENER.

ithee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

BUTLER.

hy, he's made much as other men are, if it was
or his long gray beard.

COACHMAN.

ook ye, Peter, it stands with reason, that a conju-
hould have a long gray beard——for did ye ever
' a witch that was not an old woman?

GARDENER.

hy I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that, to
inking, was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet he
'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John,
ou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup
e, he'd show us a few tricks. Dost think we
l not persuade him to swallow one of thy casc-
s for his diversion? He'll certainly bring it up
.

BUTLER.

ter, thou art such a wiseacre! Thou dost not
' the difference between a conjurer and a jug-

gler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dressed in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal. Your conjurer always goes in mourning.

GARDENER.

Is he a gentleman? had he sword by his side?

BUTLER.

No, no, he's too grave a man for that; a conjurer is as grave as a judge——but he had a long white wand in his hand.

COACHMAN.

You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand——I fancy 'tis made out of witch elm.

GARDENER.

I warrant you, if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drumstick out of his hand.

BUTLER.

No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

COACHMAN.

But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

BUTLER.

Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

GARDENER.

If he can once compass him, and get him in lobs-pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

COACHMAN.

Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

BUTLER.

No, no, I would advise Madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea——and then he's laid for ever.

COACHMAN.

Ay, marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

GARDENER.

Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red Sea——I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

COACHMAN.

Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

GARDENER.

I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

BUTLER.

As, for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages——But, hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

GARDENER.

Ay, lads! if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid too——we should lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's stout and bold,
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers Sir George in Vellum's Office.

SIR GEORGE.

I WONDER I don't hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so us'd to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it. [*Enter Vellum.*
Well, Vellum, I'm impatient to hear your success.

VELLUM.

First let me lock the door.

SIR GEORGE.

Will your lady admit me?

VELLUM.

If this lock is not mended soon it will be quite spoiled.

SIR GEORGE.

Prithee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

VELLUM.

Delays in business are dangerous——I must send for the smith next week——and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

SIR GEORGE.

What says your lady?

VELLUM.

This pen is naught, and wants mending——My lady, did you say?

SIR GEORGE.

Does she admit me?

VELLUM.

I have gained admission for you as a conjurer.

SIR GEORGE.

That's enough! I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there is any thing in my art?

VELLUM.

It is hard to know what a woman believes.

SIR GEORGE.

Did she ask no questions about me?

VELLUM.

Sundry—She desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

SIR GEORGE.

But when?

VELLUM.

Immediately. This instant.

SIR GEORGE.

Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while? Why didst not tell me so! Give me my cloak——Have you yet met with Abigail?

VELLUM.

I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

SIR GEORGE.

Let thee alone for that Vellum. I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! this is a most venerable cloak. After the business of this

day is over I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

VELLUM.

He! he! he! would you make a conjurer of your steward!

SIR GEORGE.

Prithee, don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

VELLUM.

And what will your ho--nour do with your cast beard?

SIR GEORGE.

Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou would'st wear it with the cloak, thou would'st make a most complete heathen philosopher. But where's my wand?

VELLUM.

A fine taper stick! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let any thing be lost.

SIR GEORGE.

Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be a master of the ceremonies to a conjurer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Abigail crossing the stage, Tinsel following.

TINSEL.

Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, child?

ABIGAIL.

Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady.

TINSEL.

What, Goodman Two-fold? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he be-

› the family too. He looks very antique. He
e some of the furniture of this old mansion-

ABIGAIL.

: does the man mean? Don't think to palm me,
lo my lady.

TINSEL.

ee, Nab, tell me one thing; what's the reason
. my enemy?

ABIGAIL.

y, because I'm a friend to my lady.

TINSEL.

thou see any thing about me thou dost not
Come hither, hussy, give me a kiss. Don't
ıtur'd.

ABIGAIL.

know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*]——This
ɾill carry off my lady, if I don't take care.
[*Aside.*

TINSEL.

ips are as soft as velvet, Abigail. I must get
usband.

ABIGAIL.

ow you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

TINSEL.

e one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a
usty son of a whore?

ABIGAIL.

, how you talk!

TINSEL.

is a thundering dog.

ABIGAIL.

t is he?

TINSEL.

vate gentleman.

ABIGAIL.

Ay! where does he live!

TINSEL.

In the Horse-Guards———But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

ABIGAIL.

Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what may that be?

TINSEL.

He's but five-and-twenty years old.

ABIGAIL.

'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

TINSEL.

No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toss a die, make a pass, and swear with such a grace as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

ABIGAIL.

Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate———Pray what has he?

TINSEL.

Not a farthing.

ABIGAIL.

Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

But as for that I would make it up to him.

ABIGAIL.

How?

TINSEL.

Why, look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

ABIGAIL.

fellow's a fool———I'll have no more to say [*Aside.*]——Hark! my lady's a coming!

TINSEL.

:nd upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

ABIGAIL.

so will I too———to your cost. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Abigail.*

TINSEL.

lear is purely fitted up with a maid——But I d the house of her.

Enter Lady.

LADY.

Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am o give you an entertainment, that won't be dis- ɔle to a man of wit and pleasure of the town— may be something diverting in a conversation ı a conjurer and this conceited ass. [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

oves me to distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*]— , widow, explain thyself.

LADY.

must know here is a strange sort of a man ɔ town, who undertakes to free the house from turbance. The steward believes him a con-

TINSEL.

.hy steward is a deep one!

LADY.

to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd ɔf a man.

TINSEL.

I warrant you he has studied the black art! ı! ha! Is he not an Oxford scholar?——Wi-

dow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in Christendom.——I think thy four chief domestics are—a wither'd Abigail—a superannuated steward—a ghost—and a conjurer.

LADY, *mimicking Tinsel.*

And you would have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

TINSEL.

It's a sure sign a woman loves you when she imitates your manner. [*Aside.*]—Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see! smoke the doctor.

Enter Vellum, and Sir George in his conjurer's habit.

VELLUM.

I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you——Sir, this is her ho--nour.

SIR GEORGE.

I know it well. [*Exit Vellum.*

[*Aside, walking in a musing posture.*] That dear woman! The sight of her unmans me. I could weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: and yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

LADY.

Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him; you are us'd to the company of men of learning.

TINSEL.

Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray, what news is stirring in the Zodiac?

SIR GEORGE.

News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house,

will shortly appear in all his domal dignities—

TINSEL.

fars! Prithee, Father Gray-beard, explain thyself.

SIR GEORGE.

'he entrance of Mars into his house, portends the ance of a master into this family—and that soon.

TINSEL.

)'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out :hy husband. This house is to have a master, and soon——Hark thee, old Gadbury, is not Mars ' like a young fellow call'd Tom Tinsel?

SIR GEORGE.

[ot so much as Venus is like this lady.

TINSEL.

. word in your ear, Doctor; these two planets will n conjunction by and by, I can tell you that.

SIR GEORGE, *aside, walking disturb'd.*

urse on this impertinent fop! I shall scarce for- : discovering myself——Madam, I am told that r house is visited with strange noises.

LADY.

.nd I am told that you can quiet them. I must ;ess I had a curiosity to see the person I had :d so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shows you have had much experience in the world. ı must be a very aged man.

SIR GEORGE.

Iy aspect deceives you; what do you think is my age?

TINSEL.

should guess thee within three years of Methuse- Prithee, tell me, wast not thou born before the d?

LADY.

'ruly, I should guess you to be in your second or

third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

SIR GEORGE.

Ha! ha! ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five-and-thirty last August. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine.

LADY.

What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar.

TINSEL.

And so I fancy, Doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

SIR GEORGE.

Hark ye, Sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb, by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. [*Aside to Tinsel.*

LADY.

Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the Doctor whispers?

TINSEL.

Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

LADY.

Pray, Doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

SIR GEORGE.

If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair lady.

TINSEL.

Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

LADY.

For my part I believe he's a witch—go on, Doctor.

SIR GEORGE.

He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

TINSEL.

Prithee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moorfields?

SIR GEORGE.

Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady Truman's mansion-house.

TINSEL.

Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert saucy?

LADY.

Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry? do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune old?

SIR GEORGE.

Let him be angry——I matter not——he is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of———

TINSEL.

Come, come, speak out, old Hocus, he! he! he! this fellow makes me burst with laughing.

[*Forces a laugh.*

SIR GEORGE.

He will soon die of a fright——or of the——let me see your nose——ay——'tis so!

TINSEL.

You son of a whore! I'll run ye through the body. I never yet made the sun shine through a conjurer.—

LADY.

Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! you will not kill an old man?

TINSEL.

An old man! The dog says he's but five-and-thirty.

LADY.

Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

TINSEL.

Ha! ha! ha! I was but in jest my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the Doctor's body. I would but have drill'd a little eyelet hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

SIR GEORGE.

Courage is but ill shown before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

TINSEL.

Ha! ha! ha!

LADY.

Well, learned Sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will show your courage, let it be at nine o'clock——for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

TINSEL.

And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee, by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be toss'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

SIR GEORGE.

I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies—— And, lady, as you expect they should succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves. [*Exit Sir George.*

TINSEL.

The sauciest dog I ever talk'd with in my whole life!

LADY.

Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

TINSEL.

No fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

LADY.

Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am resolved to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter Abigail.

ABIGAIL.

Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour, as you ordered.

LADY.

Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of the subject more at leisure. [*Exeunt Lady and Tinsel.*

ABIGAIL, *sola.*

Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl—just such as I was ten years ago, (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! My lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry off the steward——Madam Vellum!—how prettily that will sound! Here, bring out Madam Vellum's chaise——Nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot——It will break the attorney's wife's heart——For I shall take place of every body in the parish but my lady. If I have a son he shall be call'd Fantome. But see, Mr. Vellum, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter Vellum, with a pint of sack.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigail, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

ABIGAIL.

Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

VELLUM.

I have brought with me a taste of fresh canary, which I think is delicious.

ABIGAIL.

Pray set it down——I have a dram-glass just by—

[*Brings in a rummer.*

I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

VELLUM.

And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigail.

ABIGAIL.

Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigail, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression——You have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha! ha! ha!

ABIGAIL.

Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man!

VELLUM.

Why, truly, Mrs. Abigail, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

ABIGAIL.

Your debtor! for what, Mr. Vellum?

VELLUM.

y heart, Mrs. Abigail——And our accounts be balanc'd between us, till I have yours in e for it. Ha! ha! ha!

ABIGAIL.

ıa! ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr

VELLUM.

am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. when will you be out of my debt?

ABIGAIL.

Mr. Vellum, you make one blush——My service to you.

VELLUM.

t answer you, Mrs. Abigail, in the country "Your love is sufficient." Ha! ha! ha!

ABIGAIL.

ıa! ha! Well, I must own I love a merry

VELLUM.

.e see, how long is it, Mrs. Abigail, since I ke my mind to you——It was, I think, *Undelielmi*——We have convers'd together these ears—and yet, Mrs. Abigail, I must drink to :er acquaintance. He! he! he!——Mrs. you know I am naturally jocose.

ABIGAIL.

ou men love to make sport with us silly crea-

VELLUM.

Abigail, I have a trifle about me, which I ;illingly make you a present of. It is indeed tle toy.

ABIGAIL.

ıre always exceedingly obliging.

VELLUM.

It is but a little toy——scarce worth your acceptance.

ABIGAIL.

Pray, don't keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr. Vellum?

VELLUM.

A silver thimble.

ABIGAIL.

I always said Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

VELLUM.

But I must put it on myself, Mrs. Abigail——You have the prettiest tip of a finger——I must take the freedom to salute it.

ABIGAIL.

Oh, fy! you make me asham'd, Mr. Vellum; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion—

[*A feigned struggle.*

VELLUM.

This finger is not the finger of idleness; it bears the honourable scars of the needle——But why are you so cruel as not to pare your nails?

ABIGAIL.

Oh! I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

VELLUM.

This middle finger, Mrs. Abigail, has a pretty neighbour——A wedding-ring would become it mightily—He! he! he!

ABIGAIL.

You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it?

VELLUM.

I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are——indeed a two-

lem. The first will put you in mind of being
ousewife, and the other of being a good wife!
ha!

ABIGAIL.

es, I see you laugh at me.

VELLUM.

I I am serious.

ABIGAIL.

ght you had quite forsaken me——I am sure
ot forget the many repeated vows and pro-
u formerly made me.

VELLUM.

ld as soon forget the multiplication table.

ABIGAIL.

always taken your part before my lady.

VELLUM.

ve so, and I have *item'd* it in my memory.

ABIGAIL.

ave always look'd upon your interest as my

VELLUM.

thing but your cruelty can hinder them from

ABIGAIL.

strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*]——
r. Vellum, there is no refusing you, you have
witching tongue.

VELLUM.

speak that again!

ABIGAIL.

hen, in plain English, I love you.

VELLUM.

verjoy'd!

ABIGAIL.

t own my passion for you.

VELLUM.

I'm transported! [*Catches her in his arms.*

ABIGAIL.

Dear charming man!

VELLUM.

Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear——to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it. ——Prithee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel?

ABIGAIL.

Marry him! my love. No, no! we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell would send all the old servants a grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

VELLUM.

Prithee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

ABIGAIL.

This drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

VELLUM.

Ay, say'st thou so my turtle?

ABIGAIL.

Since we are now as good as man and wife——I mean, almost as good as man and wife——I ought to conceal nothing from you.

VELLUM.

Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood!

ABIGAIL.

Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh, my lady and he

oming this way; if you will take a turn with-
ll tell you the whole contrivance.

VELLUM.

e me your hand, chicken.

ABIGAIL.

e, take it, you have my heart already.

VELLUM.

shall have much issue.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Vellum and Butler.

VELLUM.

JOHN, I have certain orders to give you——and therefore be attentive.

BUTLER.

Attentive! ay, let me alone for that,——I suppose he means being sober. [*Aside.*

VELLUM.

You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses, laid in a method.

BUTLER.

Ah, Master Vellum! you are such a sweet-spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

VELLUM.

Method, John, makes business easy, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

BUTLER.

How he talks! I could hear him all day.

VELLUM.

And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an entertainment this evening.

BUTLER.

Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of

an hour's warning, But, pray, Sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer?

VELLUM.

It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer.

BUTLER.

Why, look you, Master Vellum, if it is for the conjurer, the cook maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

VELLUM.

This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature——but he eats and drinks like other men.

BUTLER.

Marry, Master Vellum, he should eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

VELLUM.

Thy conceit is not amiss; he is indeed a double man, ha! ha! ha!

BUTLER.

Ha! I understand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call them.

VELLUM.

He is married, and he is not married——he hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

BUTLER.

How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man old and young? how do you make that out, Master Vellum?

VELLUM.

Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

BUTLER.

Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer should be like a serpent.

VELLUM.

When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

BUTLER.

Does he intend to sup in his slough?

VELLUM.

That time will show.

BUTLER.

Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

VELLUM.

I did not intend thou shouldst——but to our business——Let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be wash'd, and in readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

BUTLER.

Ay, now I understand every word you say. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

VELLUM.

I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by ——bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

BUTLER.

Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon them both! she is not a double woman too.

VELLUM.

She will sleep upon neither. But, hark, Mrs. Abigail, I think I hear her chiding the cook maid.

BUTLER.

Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; she, I

am sure, speaks plain English, one may easily understand every word she says. [*Exit Butler.*

Vellum, solus.

VELLUM.

Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them——but see Mrs. Abigail! she has a bewitching countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter Abigail.

ABIGAIL.

Ha! Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM.

What brings my sweet one hither?

ABIGAIL.

I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surpris'd.

VELLUM.

That would be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

ABIGAIL.

I'll speak low——walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*

VELLUM.

But, hark you, duckling! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

ABIGAIL.

That's a good one indeed? as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

VELLUM.

No, no, my child! that must not be: he! he! he! that must not be; he! he! he!

ABIGAIL.

You will always be waggish.

VELLUM.

Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

ABIGAIL.

How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

VELLUM.

Adieu, my pretty one.

ABIGAIL.

Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM.

My pretty one—— [*As he is going off.*

ABIGAIL.

Dear Mr. Vellum!

VELLUM.

My pretty one! [*Exit Vellum.*

ABIGAIL, *sola.*

I have him—if I can but get this thousand pound.

[*Fantome gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.*

ABIGAIL.

Ha! three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me. [*Fantome raps again*

ABIGAIL.

Very well, I hear you; come, fox, come out of your hole.

Scene opens, and Fantome comes out.

ABIGAIL.

You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

FANTOME.

Well Mrs. Abigail, I want to hear what is a doing in the world.

ABIGAIL.

You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

FANTOME.

I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the Doctor——I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

ABIGAIL.

To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days than you did in two months.

FANTOME.

I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen as being kept up in the dark.

ABIGAIL.

Pray, no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments——Really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

FANTOME.

My dear girl! I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

ABIGAIL.

Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my lady?

FANTOME.

Child, I always thought your lady lov'd to be treated with respect.

ABIGAIL.

Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman, as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

FANTOME.

Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love——And, let me tell thee, Abigail, a man who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it——But I'll mend my manners.

ABIGAIL.

Ay, or you'll never gain a widow——Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

FANTOME.

I'm afraid, child, we ha'nt time for such a piece of mummery.

ABIGAIL.

Oh! it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

FANTOME.

Why, then, dear Mrs. Ab——I mean, my Lady Truman.

ABIGAIL.

Ay, but you ha'nt saluted me.

FANTOME.

That's right; faith, I forgot that circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] Nectar and Ambrosia!

ABIGAIL.

That's very well——

FANTOME.

How long must I be condemned to languish? when shall my sufferings have an end? My life! my happiness! my all is wound up in you——

ABIGAIL.

Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

FANTOME.

What, thus?

ABIGAIL.

Thus! Ay——Now throw your arms about my middle: hug me closer.——You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense, till you're out of breath.

FANTOME.

Transport and ecstacy! where am I?——my life! my bliss!——I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

ABIGAIL.

Go on, go on.

FANTOME.

Flames and darts——Bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottoes—flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

ABIGAIL.

Oh! Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! You were born for the ruin of our sex.

FANTOME.

This will do then, Abigail?

ABIGAIL.

Ay, this is talking like a lover. Though I only represent my lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience, when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

FANTOME.

I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

ABIGAIL.

You may do it soon, if you make good use of your

time; Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

FANTOME.

Let me alone with both of them.

ABIGAIL.

Well, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour. [*Fantome goes in. Exit Abigail.*

Enter Vellum.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigail is withdrawn——I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter Tinsel.

TINSEL.

Vellum! Vellum!

VELLUM.

Vellum! we are, methinks, very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd so by any but their ho--nours [*Aside.*] ——What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

TINSEL.

Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

VELLUM.

What is that, good Sir?

TINSEL.

Prithee, run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

VELLUM.

The rent-roll?

TINSEL.

The rent-roll? Ay, the rent-roll! Dost not understand what that means?

VELLUM.

Why, have you thoughts of purchasing of it? -

TINSEL.

Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

VELLUM.

The purchase will be considerable.

TINSEL.

And for that reason I have bid thy lady very high ——She is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

VELLUM.

Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel?——he! he! he!

TINSEL.

Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

VELLUM.

An insolent companion! [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

VELLUM.

An ungracious bird! [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

VELLUM.

A very profligate! [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—— I'll borrow some money of you.

VELLUM.

I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment

this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. [*Aside.*] And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me.

[*Stifling a laugh.*

TINSEL.

What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

VELLUM.

What do you think of five hundred pounds?—— Ha! ha! ha!

TINSEL.

That's too little.

VELLUM.

And yet it is more than I shall give——And I will offer you two reasons for it.

TINSEL.

Prithee, what are they?

VELLUM.

First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and, secondly, because it never will be in your disposal; and so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha! ha! ha! You will pardon me for being jocular.

[*Exit Vellum.*

TINSEL.

This rogue is as saucy as the conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not a-kin.

Enter Lady.

LADY.

Mr. Tinsel, what, all alone? You free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

TINSEL.

No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of

one of our benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

LADY.

I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

TINSEL.

Yes, yes, he looks like a put—a queer old dog as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

LADY.

Indeed you're mistaken; he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

TINSEL.

What! I suppose he goes to church.

LADY.

Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

TINSEL.

I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

LADY.

Ah, Mr. Tinsel, a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

TINSEL.

Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou wouldst not for the world marry a Sabbath-breaker!

LADY.

Truly, they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjurer told you, you were short-liv'd.

TINSEL.

The conjurer! Ha! ha! ha!

LADY.

Indeed you're very witty!

TINSEL.

Indeed you're very handsome. [*Kisses her hand.*

LADY.

I wish the fool does not love me! [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

Thou art the idol I adore. Here must I pay my devotion——Prithee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

LADY.

The most impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

LADY.

Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man.

TINSEL.

Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers, that I saw on the sideboard, might be turn'd into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

LADY.

You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel——What pretty transformations you could make in my house ——But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

Then, I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

LADY.

I perceive you are an excellent manager——How quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

TINSEL.

Now, hark ye, widow, to show you the love that I have for you——

LADY.

Very well; let me hear.

TINSEL.

You have an old-fashion'd gold caudle cup, with a figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

LADY.

I have: what then?

TINSEL.

Why, look ye, I'd sell the caudle cup with the old saint, for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

LADY.

Oh, you are generous to an extravagance. But, pray, Mr. Tinsel, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

TINSEL.

My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

LADY.

I see you do, Sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

TINSEL.

Pho, pho, my dear we are growing serious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

LADY.

Believe me, Sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

TINSEL.

For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

LADY.

I should be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease.

TINSEL.

Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question; dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?

LADY.

Yes: but decency, Mr. Tinsel——

TINSEL.

Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow then than thou art now?

LADY.

The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

TINSEL.

Ah, my dear, they would say you lov'd your second; and they would own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

LADY.

But what would people think?

TINSEL.

Think! why they would think thee the mirror of widowhood——That a woman should live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband several years before the death of the first.

LADY.

Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jests upon us poor widows.

TINSEL.

I'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her while her husband was alive, that one of

them pink'd the other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

LADY.

And this is a true story, upon your own knowledge?

TINSEL.

Every tittle, as I hope to be marri'd, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

LADY.

Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

TINSEL.

Innocent enough, he! he! he! Why! where's the difference, my dear?

LADY.

Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever lov'd in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

TINSEL.

Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the drum by and by.

LADY.

If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

TINSEL.

About this time, say'st thou? Come faith, for the humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

LADY.

I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

TINSEL.

Serious! never fear me, child. Ha! ha! ha! dost not hear him?

LADY.

You break your word already. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to show your wit or your teeth?

TINSEL.

Why, both! my dear.——I'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*]—But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hear'st the drum, dost not?

LADY.

Don't talk so rashly.

TINSEL.

Why, my dear, you could not look more frighted if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

LADY.

Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

TINSEL.

Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now——There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

LADY.

Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

TINSEL.

For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.

LADY.

Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity but his ignorance. [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

I'll tell thee what now, widow,——I would engage by the help of a white sheet and a pennyworth of link in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*]—Hark! hark! what noise is that!

Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

LADY.

It beats more terrible than ever.

TINSEL.

'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to speak against my conscience, only to show my parts!

LADY.

It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish discourse.

TINSEL.

Indeed, Madam, I did not speak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless raillery.

LADY.

Harmless, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

TINSEL.

What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?——[*Scene opens and discovers Fantome.*] Mercy on us! it appears.

LADY.

Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband [*She faints.*

TINSEL.

Now would I give ten thousand pound that I were in town. [*Fantome advances to him drumming.*]—I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. [*Fantome still advances drumming.*]——By my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest, [*falls on his knees.*]—Have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a coxcomb,—[*Fantome points to the door.*] But see he waves me off——ay, with all my heart——What a devil had I to do with a white sheet? [*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

FANTOME.

The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover. And then the day's my own. But the servants are coming. I must get into my cupboard. [*He goes in.*

Enter Abigail and servants.

ABIGAIL.

O my poor lady! this wicked drum has frighted Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em
'Twas for a thousand pound and Mr. Vellum.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir George in his conjurer's habit, the Butler marching before him with two large candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.

BUTLER.

AN'T please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

SIR GEORGE.

Thou say'st well.

GARDENER.

An't you please your conjurer's worship, shall I set the table down here?

SIR GEORGE.

Here, Peter.

GARDENER.

Peter!—he knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*

COACHMAN.

I have brought you, reverend Sir, the largest elbow chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

SIR GEORGE.

Place it there.

BUTLER.

Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

SIR GEORGE.

Paper, and a pen and ink.

BUTLER.

Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my lady's mourning paper, that is black'd at the edges—would you choose to write with a crow quill?

SIR GEORGE.

There is none better.

BUTLER.

Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

COACHMAN, *to the Gardener.*

Peter, prithee, do thou go along with me——I'm afraid——You know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

BUTLER.

Why, you don't think I'll stay with the conjurer by myself!

GARDENER.

Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt servants.*

SIR GEORGE, *solus.*

There's nothing, I see, makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all enter'd into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues could have found each of them an employment in fetching a pen and ink!

Enter Gardener with a sheet of paper, Coachman with a standish, and Butler with a pen.

GARDENER.

Sir, there is your paper.

COACHMAN.

Sir, there is your standish.

BUTLER.

Sir, there is your crow-quill pen——I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

GARDENER.

He forgets that he's to make a circle. [*Aside.*——Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

SIR GEORGE.

It is no matter.

BUTLER.

Look ye, Sir, I show'd you the spot where he's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in that next room.——

SIR GEORGE.

We shall try.

GARDENER.

That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

BUTLER.

Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I would have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

SIR GEORGE.

I thank thee——we shall do without it.

GARDENER.

John, he seems a very good natur'd man for a conjurer.

BUTLER.

I'll take this opportunity of inquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

SIR GEORGE.

What wouldst thou?

BUTLER.

Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost o my silver spoons last week.

SIR GEORGE.

Mark'd with a swan's neck——

BUTLER.

My lady's crest! He knows every thing. [*Asi* How would your worship advise me to reco again?

SIR GEORGE.

Hum!

BUTLER.

What must I do to come at it?

SIR GEORGE.

Drink nothing but small beer for a fortnight—

BUTLER.

Small beer! rot-gut!

SIR GEORGE.

If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fi days are expir'd——it is as much as thy spoor is worth.

BUTLER.

I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en b new one. [*

COACHMAN.

D'ye mind how they whisper?

GARDENER.

I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him some about Nell.

COACHMAN.

I'll take this opportunity of putting a questi him about poor Dobbin: I fancy he could giv better counsel than the farrier.

BUTLER. [*To the Gardener.*]

A prodigious man! he knows every thing: now is the time to find out thy pick-ax.

GARDENER.

I have nothing to give him: does not he expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

COACHMAN. [*To Sir George.*]

Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

SIR GEORGE.

Ask it.

COACHMAN.

I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitch'd—

SIR GEORGE.

A bay gelding.

COACHMAN.

How could he know that?—— [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE.

Bought at Banbury.

COACHMAN.

Whew——so it was, o' my conscience. [*Whistles.*

SIR GEORGE.

Six years old last Lammas.

COACHMAN.

To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitch'd by Goody Crouch or Goody Flye?

SIR GEORGE.

Neither.

COACHMAN.

Then it must be Goody Gurton; for she is the next old woman in the parish.

GARDENER.

Hast thou done, Robin?

COACHMAN. [*To the Gardener.*]

He can tell thee any thing.

GARDENER. [*To Sir George.*]

Sir, I would beg to take you a little farther out of hearing——

SIR GEORGE.

Speak.

GARDENER.

The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

SIR GEORGE.

A woman.

GARDENER.

How could he know that?

SIR GEORGE.

Go on.

GARDENER.

This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

SIR GEORGE.

Twins.

GARDENER.

Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE.

Proceed.

GARDENER.

Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both——

SIR GEORGE.

To thee.

GARDENER.

What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE.

Hast thou done?

GARDENER.

I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both.

SIR GEORGE.

Stand before me, let me survey thee round. [*Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*]

COACHMAN.

Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately.

SIR GEORGE.

'Twins, dost thou say? [*Still turning him round.*

GARDENER.

Ay, are they both mine, d'ye think?

SIR GEORGE.

Own but one of them.

GARDENER.

Ah, but Mrs. Abigail will have me take care of them both——she's always for the Butler——if my poor master, Sir George, had been alive, he would have made him go halves with me.

SIR GEORGE.

What, was Sir George a kind master?

GARDENER.

Was he! ay, my fellow servants will bear me witness.

SIR GEORGE.

Did you love Sir George?

BUTLER.

Every body lov'd him——

COACHMAN.

There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death——

GARDENER.

He was the best neighbour——

BUTLER.

The kindest husband——

COACHMAN.

The truest friend to the poor——

BUTLER

My good lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the death of her——

SIR GEORGE.

I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter Vellum.

VELLUM.

Have you provided the Doctor ev'ry thing he has occasion for? if so——you may depart.

[*Exeunt servants.*

SIR GEORGE.

I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but still have some certain pangs and doubts that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I must take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her happiness nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. [*Aside.*] Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some news of my wife; how does she after her fright?

VELLUM.

It is a saying somewhere in my Lord Coke, that a widow——

SIR GEORGE.

I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord Coke——prithee, tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

VELLUM.

She is pretty well recover'd. Mrs. Abigail has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

SIR GEORGE.

That I think, cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigail. But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have serv'd me thus——

VELLUM.

You will still fancy you are a living man——

SIR GEORGE.

That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife——

VELLUM.

You have no right in her after your demise. Death extinguishes all property,——*Quoad hanc*——It is a maxim in the law.

SIR GEORGE.

A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of Tinsel?

VELLUM.

He rush'd out of the house, call'd for his horse, clapp'd spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I——can——tell——ten.

SIR GEORGE.

This is whimsical enough! my wife will have a quick succession of lovers, in one day——Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

VELLUM.

Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another——He! he! he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEORGE.

Was there ever such a provoking blockhead! but he means me well [*Aside.*]— Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitor Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.——You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to

tell it you over; all I require of you is despatch, therefore hear me.

VELLUM.

There is nothing more requisite in business than despatch——

SIR GEORGE.

Then hear me.

VELLUM.

It is indeed the life of business——

SIR GEORGE.

Hear me, then, I say.

VELLUM.

And as one has rightly observ'd, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First——

SIR GEORGE.

There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to describe despatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

VELLUM.

But your ho--nour will not give me the hearing——

SIR GEORGE.

Thou wilt not give the hearing—— [*Angrily.*

VELLUM.

I am still.

SIR GEORGE.

In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigail has describ'd the ghost to you.

VELLUM.

It shall be done.

SIR GEORGE.

Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband; tell her the whole story, and do

it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

VELLUM.

It shall be done——But since her ho--nour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

SIR GEORGE.

I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigail any thing of the secret.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigail is a woman; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention six——

SIR GEORGE.

Hush, here she comes! Oh! my heart!

Enter Lady and Abigail.

SIR GEORGE.

[*Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb show to Lady.*] O that lov'd woman! how I long to take her into my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*]

LADY. [*To Vellum.*]

This is surprising indeed! So all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happened in the family.

ABIGAIL. [*Aside.*]

A parcel of credulous fools! they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know

them. [*Exit Vellum, exchanging fond looks with Abigail.*]

LADY.

Learned Sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

SIR GEORGE.

Speak! but hold——first let me feel your pulse.

LADY.

What can you learn from that?

SIR GEORGE.

I have already learn'd a secret from it, that will astonish you.

LADY.

Pray what is it?

SIR GEORGE.

You will have a husband within this half hour.

ABIGAIL. [*Aside.*]

I am glad to hear that——He must mean Mr. Fantome; I begin to think there's a great deal of truth in his art.

LADY.

Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

SIR GEORGE.

Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

ABIGAIL.

Mr. Fantome to be sure. [*Aside.*

LADY.

Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

SIR GEORGE.

You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

ABIGAIL. [*Aside.*]

I'll be hang'd if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. Fantome, to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

LADY.

Alas! you did not know Sir George!

SIR GEORGE.

As well as I do myself——I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn on her return from London.

LADY.

This is astonishing!

SIR GEORGE.

You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstacy did Sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your mamma!

LADY.

Every circumstance to a tittle!

SIR GEORGE.

Then, Lady, the wedding night! I saw you in your white satin night-gown; you would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand——you struggled——but he was too strong for you——you blush'd; he——

LADY.

Oh! stop there! go no farther!—He knows every thing. [*Aside.*

ABIGAIL.

Truly, Mr. Conjurer, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

SIR GEORGE.

Mrs. Abigail; you know what your good word cost Sir George—a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigail.

ABIGAIL.

The devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady that I refus'd to take them.

SIR GEORGE.

'Tis true, child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your bosom.

ABIGAIL.

This rogue will mention the thousand pound, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, though you are a conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab——

LADY.

Sir, since I have no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently—— it has the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

SIR GEORGE.

I must to that end be sincerely informed by you whether your heart be engaged to another; have not you received the addresses of many lovers since his death?

LADY.

I have been oblig'd to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

SIR GEORGE.

Was not Tinsel welcome?——I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [*Aside.*

LADY.

He was well recommended.

SIR GEORGE.

Racks! [*Aside.*

LADY.

Of a good family.

SIR GEORGE.

Tortures! [*Aside.*

LADY.

Heir to a considerable estate.

SIR GEORGE.

Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love him?——I'm distracted! [*Aside.*

LADY.

No! I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune, was base, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles!

SIR GEORGE.

I'm recover'd. [*Aside.*

ABIGAIL.

Oh! Madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he look'd when he left your ladyship in a swoon. Where have you left my Lady? says I. In an elbow-chair, child, says he: and where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he: for to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the devil, says he.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, Lady, I see nothing in all this that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest.

LADY.

If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest——Tears will not let me go on——

SIR GEORGE.

This quite o'erpowers me——I shall discover my-

self before my time. [*Aside.*]——Madam, you may now retire, and leave me to myself.

LADY.

Success attend you!

ABIGAIL.

I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old Don. I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigail.*

SIR GEORGE, *solus.*

My heart is now at ease; she is the same dear woman I left her——now for my revenge upon Fantome——I shall cut the ceremonies short——a few words will do his business——now let me seat myself in form——a good easy chair for a conjurer this!——now for a few mathematical scratches——a good lucky scrawl, that——faith, I think it looks very astrological——these two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a complete conjurer's scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha! ha! ha! Sir, are you there? Enter Drummer. Now I must pore upon my paper.

Enter Fantome, beating the Drum.

SIR GEORGE.

Prithee, don't make a noise, I'm busy. [*Fantome beats.*]——A pretty march! prithee, beat that over again. [*He beats and advances.*

SIR GEORGE, *rising.*

Ha! You're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. [*Fantome advances*].——How the rogue stares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. Abigail's wardrobe. [*Fantome starts, gives a rap upon his drum.*]——Prithee, don't play the fool! [*Fantome beats.*]——Nay, nay, enough of this good Mr. Fantome.

FANTOME. [*Aside.*]

Death! I'm discover'd. This jade Abigail has betray'd me.

SIR GEORGE.

Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my Lady Truman.

FANTOME.

'Tis plain she has told him all. [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE.

Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive, by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

FANTOME. [*To Sir George.*]

Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. Abigail.

SIR GEORGE.

I have learnt it from my art.

FANTOME.

Thy art! prithee, no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces——

SIR GEORGE.

I am not mercenary! young man, I scorn thy gold.

FANTOME.

I'll make them up twenty——

SIR GEORGE.

Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition as shall——

FANTOME.

An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I am not to be frighted with bugbears——

SIR GEORGE.

Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art——

FANTOME.

Why, if thou hast any *hocus pocus* tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

SIR GEORGE.

The raising of a spirit requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private——

FANTOME.

Well, if I see through your trick, you will promise to be my friend?

SIR GEORGE.

I will——attend, and tremble. [*Exit.*

FANTOME, *solus.*

A very solemn old ass! but I smoke him——he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I could not think this slut would have used me thus——I begin to be horribly tir'd of my drum; I wish I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all; I sha'n't have the mortification to see my mistress carried off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir George in his own habit.

FANTOME.

Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he died! nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*

SIR GEORGE.

Ha! ha! ha! Fare you well, good Sir George

——the enemy has left me master of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter Abigail.—Sir George stands with his hand before his face in a musing posture.

ABIGAIL.

Yonder he is. O' my conscience, he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pound now? Why does not the man speak?

[*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

SIR GEORGE.

Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*

ABIGAIL.

Oh! 'tis my master! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

SIR GEORGE.

Good Mrs. Abigail, not so fast.

ABIGAIL.

Are you alive, Sir?——He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel them I'm sure.

SIR GEORGE.

What dost think?

ABIGAIL.

Think, Sir, think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how——

SIR GEORGE.

No questions, good Abigail. Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your lady?

ABIGAIL.

Oh, I am so frighted——and so glad!——

SIR GEORGE.

Where's your lady, I ask you?——

ABIGAIL.

Marry, I don't know where I am myself——I can't forbear weeping for joy——

SIR GEORGE.

Your lady! I say your lady! I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more——

ABIGAIL.

Oh! she has been talking a good while with the steward.

SIR GEORGE.

Then he has open'd the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter Lady, followed by Vellum.

LADY.

Where is he! let me fly into his arms! my life! my soul! my husband!

SIR GEORGE.

Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

LADY.

Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! now am I happy indeed!

SIR GEORGE.

My heart is too full to answer thee.

LADY.

How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robbed my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

SIR GEORGE.

It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmix'd. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a

variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

LADY.

I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

SIR GEORGE.

And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

LADY.

Was ever woman so bless'd! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

SIR GEORGE.

May it be as happy as our first—I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

BUTLER.

Just as the steward told us, lads! look you there, if he ben't with my lady already?

GARDENER.

He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for Madam!

COACHMAN.

As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisk'd by me! but he took to his heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour.

GARDENER.

Hast given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

COACHMAN.

Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

SIR GEORGE. [*To Lady.*]

My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

BUTLER.

Ah! bless your honour, may you never die again!

COACHMAN.

The same good man that ever he was!

GARDENER.

Whurra!

SIR GEORGE.

Vellum, thou hast done me much service to day. I know thou lov'st Abigail, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pound with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to night.

LADY.

What you do for Abigail, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

ABIGAIL.

Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: pray, do you thank my master and my lady.

SIR GEORGE.

Vellum, I hope you are not displeas'd with the gift I make you.

VELLUM.

The gift is twofold. I receive from you
A virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors:
And so we bid good night to both your ho--nours.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

TO night the poet's advocate I stand,
And he deserves the favour at my hand,
Who, in my equipage, their cause debating,
Has plac'd two lovers and a third in waiting:
If both the first should from their duty swerve,
There's one behind the wainscot in reserve.
In his next play if I would take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
For though 'tis simple, yet it shows good-nature.
My help thus ask'd, I could not choose but grant it,
And really I thought the play would want it.
Void as it is of all the usual arts
To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
No court intrigue, no city cuckoldom,
No song, no dance, no music——but a drum——
No smutty thought in doubtful phrase express'd:
And, gentleman, if so, pray where's the jest?
When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in strictness, you should laugh or no;
But turn upon the ladies in the pit,
And, if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.
Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a widow, who, of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;

And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding nights;
Nay, to oblige the sex in ev'ry state,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.
  Too long has marriage in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supply'd the stage:
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
Our author deals not in conceits so stale:
For should 'the examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, though true to marriage vows,
Nor be a jest, though he should love his spouse.
Thus has he done you British consorts right,
Whose hubands, should they pry like mine to night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU,

ARMIGERO,

'ACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆ FECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

UM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissi-
rum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusita-
n tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum
is etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum
tute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus
stis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus
cis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper
lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREVIUS
tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam
ic non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illa
aremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decan-
a. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus
sse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi
lestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis
s carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos
ciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti
ietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut
ma patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis sub-
erem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scriben-
non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis Tuæ
Cultor devotissimus,
JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

POEMATA.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo, insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi vulnere campos!

Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immanè minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabilè pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTTS, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovî que latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis, Ductor Fortissime,* turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, quâ sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum † qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore.
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis

* Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

† Moscoviæ Imperator.

Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jàm Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impunè, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia, solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovî secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris

Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut Mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes,
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales,
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impunè educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, quà thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et largè diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,

Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
  Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheras oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aurâ,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundus imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
  Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
  Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusqe malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem e nubibus hostem.
Quà solis tepet ortu, primitîsque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et pausis accessa vireta)
Pigmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,

Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et vales ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impunè volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominès ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucrumque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immanè minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras

Grus stomachans ; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt ; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accomodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aere concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longè
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri : crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instruitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis :
Donec turma duas compôsta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquas superemìnet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti !
Quot fecit strages ! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu ! quoties implevit Strymona fletu !
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.

Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem latè hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausû alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus

Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursàm brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsùm
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta Gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitùs Pygmeia tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; latè populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læsa triumphis,
Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO,

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura,) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albido, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia latè
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos atque arte tenacem

Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, it attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Quà sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,

Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorem lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, Juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
*Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex a tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
  Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
  O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem :
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra ; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertìtur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit ;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors ; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
Designat ; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat ; subitò globus emicat alter t alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus ; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si fortè globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subitò languescere motum,

Ponè urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Eleo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.———
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O Qui canoro blandiùs Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
  Feliciore luctuosis
    Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
  Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
    Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
  Scyphumque jucundus require
    Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
  Minister ingens, imperîque
    Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
  Nec cæteros cautus mederi
    Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
  Attentus explorare venam
    Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Frustra liquores quot Chimica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
  Innatus herbis te fatigant :
    Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
  Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
    (Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua ;
  Suumque victorem vicissim
    Subjiciet Libitina victrix
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
  Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
    Sponte sua satis ingruentes ;
Et quem dierum lenè fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
  Felix amicis, gaudiisque
    Innocuis benè temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
  Compita quà risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Augustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
  Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; ponè eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,

Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Manè patent gressus; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidemque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibili miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec rarò prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanâs species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos:
  Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
    Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
  Terramque concretam, et latentem
    Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
  Utcunque stet commune vulgi
    Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
  Fundamina, et compage fractâ
    Suppositas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
  Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
    Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
  Stellasque miratur natantes,
    Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingenî!

Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu! socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

FINIS.

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THE END.

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